

Glen 169



W. H. H. H.

445 - 868

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OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

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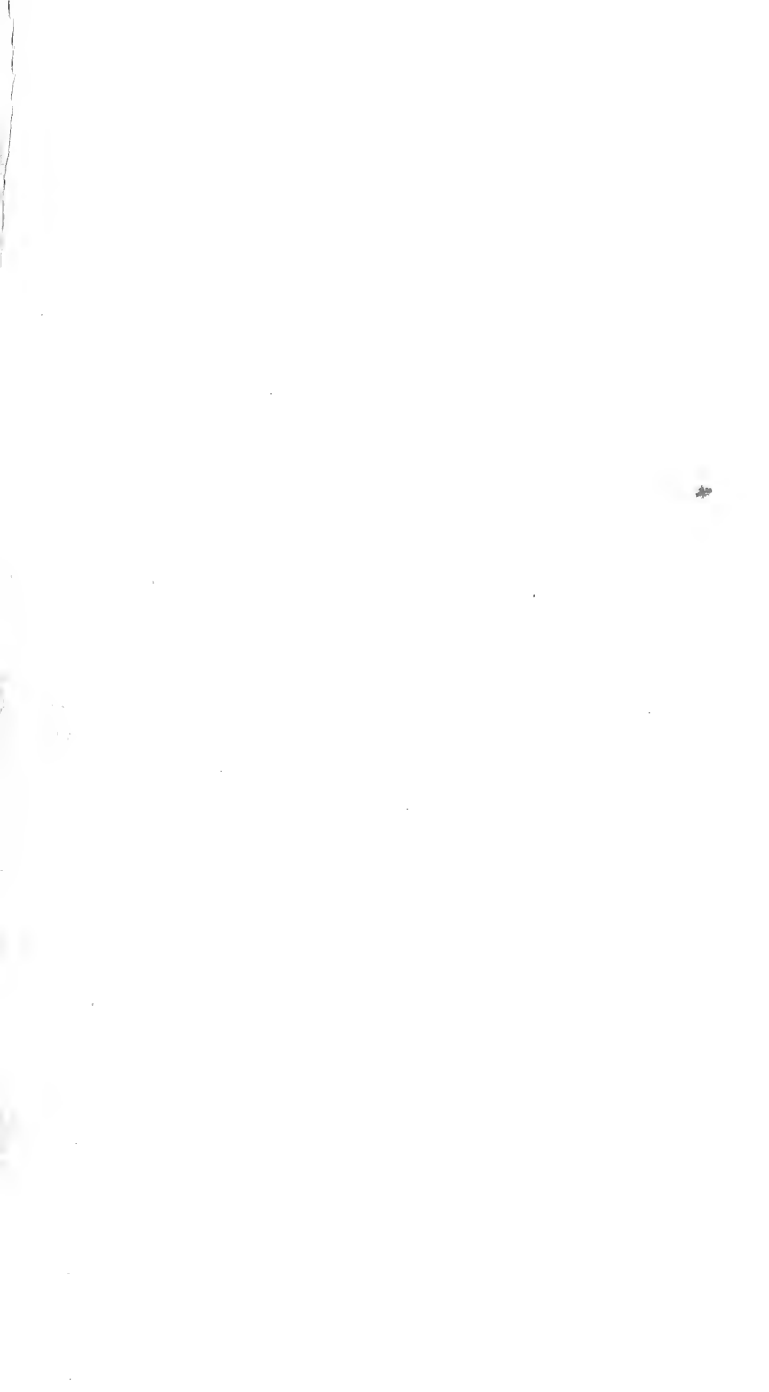


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## GEORGE R.

**G**EORGE the Second, by the Grace of God, King of *Great Britain, France, and Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all, to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting: Whereas our trusty and well-beloved *William Thomson*, of our City of *London* Gent. hath by his Petition humbly represented unto us, That he having, with great Labour and Expence, collected and composed several Works of Vocal and Instrumental Musick, in order to be printed and published, entituled, *ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS*, in two Volumes in *Octavo*, has humbly besought Us to grant him Our Royal Privilege and Licence for the sole printing and publishing thereof for the Term of Fourteen Years, according to the Statute in that behalf made and provided: We, being willing to give all due Encouragement to this his Undertaking, are graciously pleased to condescend to his Request; and do therefore by these Presents, so far as may be agreeable to the Statutes in that behalf made and provided, for Us, Our Heirs and Successors, grant unto him the said *William Thomson*, his Executors, Administrators and Assigns, Our Royal Licence, for the sole printing and publishing the said Works for the Term of Fourteen Years, to be computed from the Date hereof; strictly forbidding all Our Subjects within Our Kingdoms and Dominions, to reprint or abridge the same, either in the like, or any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever, or to import, buy, vend, utter, or distribute any Copies thereof, reprinted beyond the Seas, during the aforesaid Term of Fourteen Years, without the Consent, or Approbation of the said *William Thomson*, his Heirs, Executors and Assigns, under their Hands and Seals first had and obtained, as they will answer the contrary at their Perils: whereof the Commissioners and other Officers of Our Customs, the Master, Warden and Company of Stationers, are to take notice, that due Obedience may be rendred to Our Pleasure herein declared. Given at our Court at *St. James's*, the eleventh Day of *May*, 1733. in the sixth Year of Our Reign.

By His Majesty's Command,

HARRINGTON.

Glen 169

ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS:  
OR, A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
SCOTS SONGS.

Set to Musick

BY

W. THOMSON.

VOL. I.



LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR, at his House in  
*Leicester-Fields.*

M.DCC.XXXIII.







TO THE  
QUEEN.

MADAM,

**Y**OUR Majesty having  
graciously heard some of  
the following Songs, encour-  
aged me to resolve on pub-  
lishing

## DEDICATION.

lishing them ; and makes me now presume to lay them at Your Majesty's Feet ; which I do with all Duty and Respect.

M A D A M,

Your Majesty's

Most Obedient

and most Devoted

Humble Servant,


*William Thomson.*



O N

MR. THOMSON'S

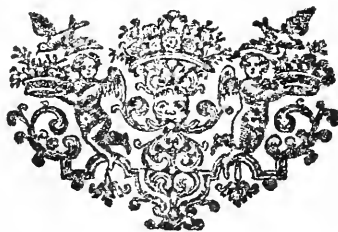
# ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS.

OU BEAUS and BELLES so fine and fair,  
Here learn to love, and be sincere ;  
True Passion Nature still imparts,  
Nor values Bodies without Hearts ;  
You falsely vow, and whine, and sigh,  
And make no Conscience of a Lye ;  
Oh ! How can BEAUS fair BELLES deceive ?  
Or why will BELLES fine BEAUS believe ?

Love's brightest Flames warm *Scottish* Lads,  
Tho' coolly clad in High-land Plads ;  
They scorn Brocade, who like the Lads,  
Nor need a Carpet, if there's Grass ;  
With Pipe and Glee each Hill resounds,  
And Love that gives, can heal their Wounds.  
The bonny *Lads of Peatie's Mill*  
Shews Wit's a Fool, when Nature will ;  
Who pities not the Swain's Despair,  
That hears, *The Bush a boon Traquair* :  
Or him that loves, yet cannot say,  
If *Bessy Bell*, or *Mary Gray* ?

Thus

Thus merrily they court the Fair,  
And love and sing in Northern Air :  
Thus the gay Warblers of the Spring  
From Spray to Spray do hop and sing ;  
Kind Nature fills their little Throats,  
With sweet and unaffected Notes ;  
Their flutt'ring Wings to Love she prunes,  
Their Voices wild to Love she tunes ;  
And all the Cares they ever prove,  
Is Life, half Harmony, half LOVE.



THE



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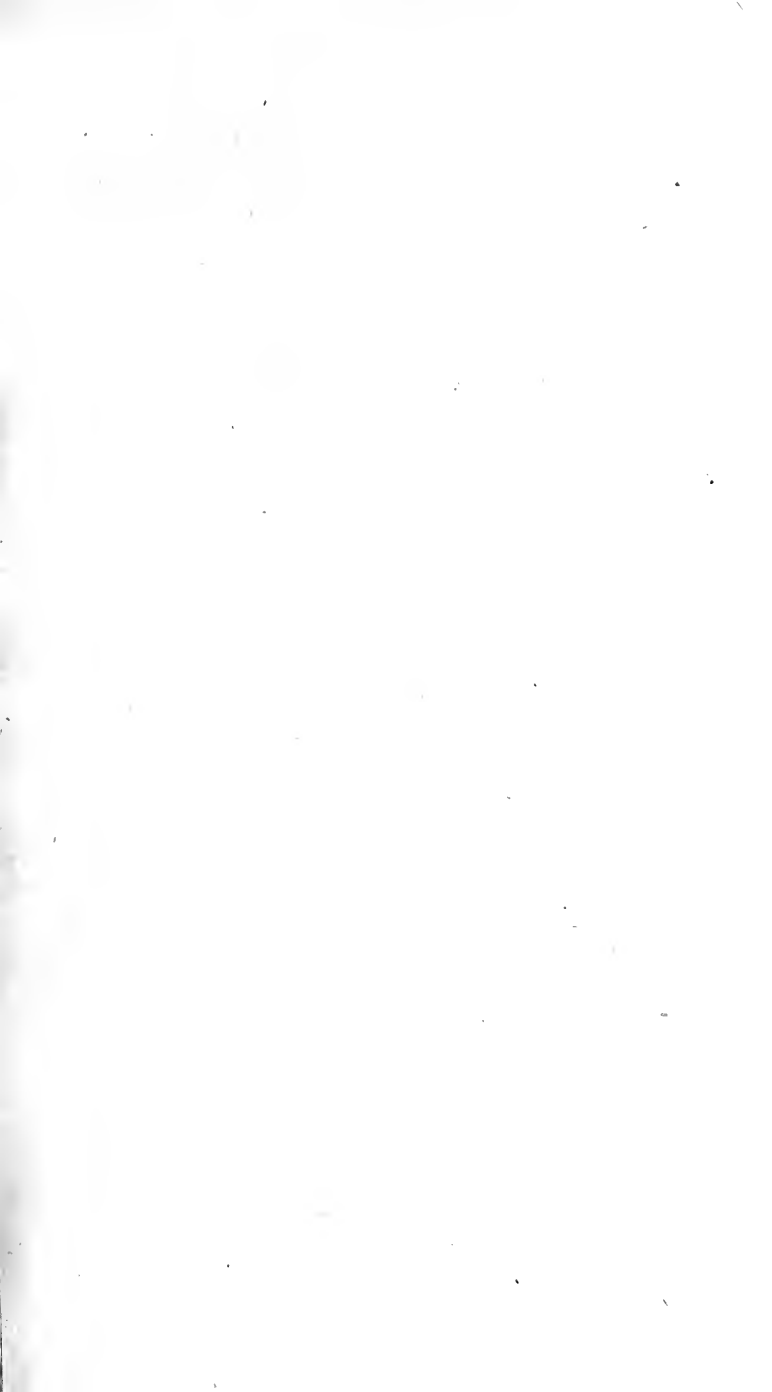
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I  
The Lafs of Peaty's Mill

tr.  
The Lafs of Peaty's Mill, So bony

tr. tr.  
blith and Gay, In fpirit of all my Skill, she

tr. tr.  
ftole my heart away. When Tedding of the

tr.  
Hay, bare headed on the Green, Love miffed her

tr.  
Locks did Play, and wanton'd in her Een.



# ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS.

---

## VOL. I.

---

### I.

#### *The Lass of Peaty's Mill.*

**T**H E Lass of *Peaty's* Mill,  
So bonny, blyth and gay,  
In spite of all my skill,  
Hath stole my Heart away.

When tedding of the Hay  
Bare-headed on the Green,  
Love'midst her Locks did play,  
And wanton'd in her Een.

Her Arms, white, round and smooth,  
Breasts rising in their Dawn,

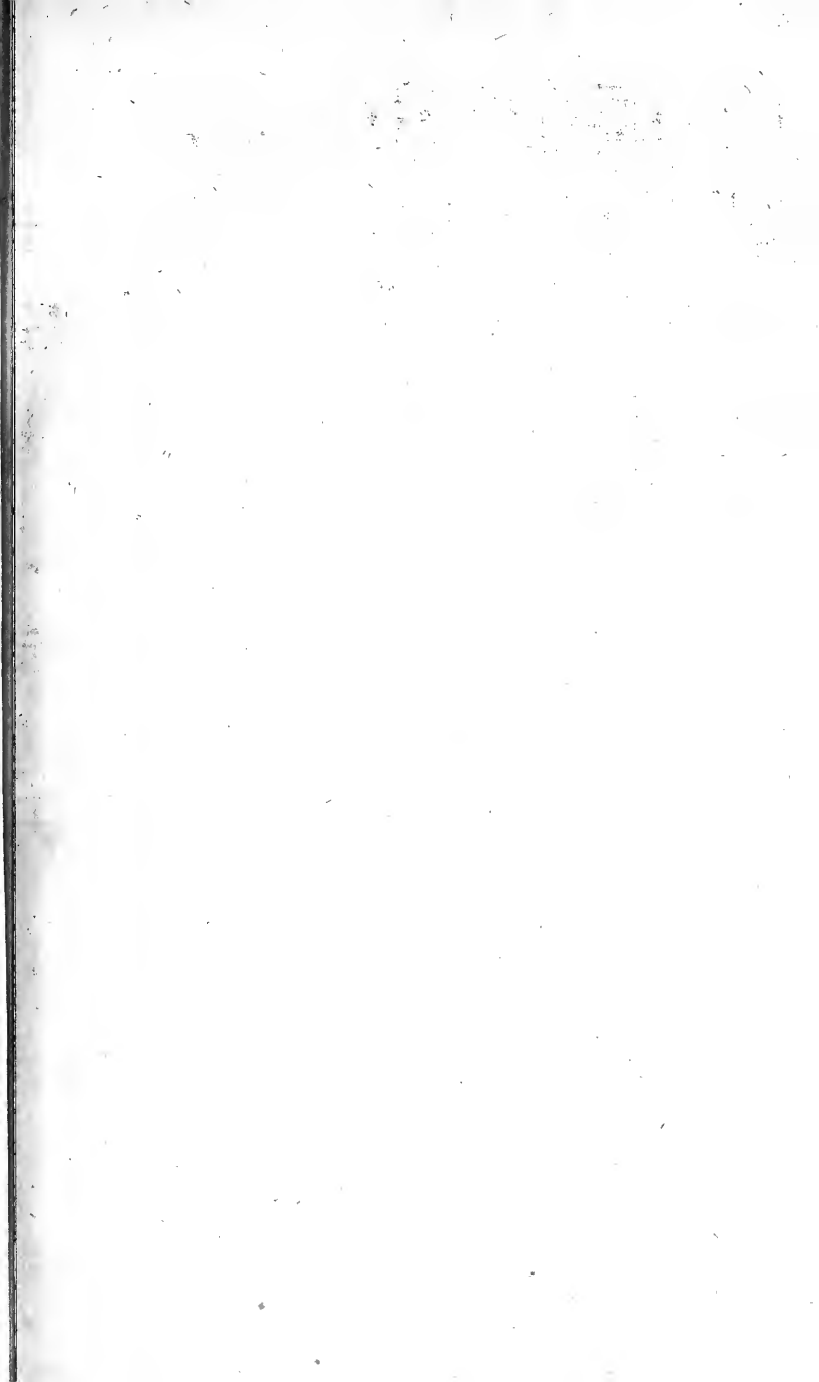
To Age it would give Youth,  
 To press 'em with his Hand.  
 Thro' all my Spirits ran  
 An Extasy of Blifs,  
 When I such Sweetness fand  
 Wrapt in a balmy Kifs.

Without the help of Art,  
 Like Flowers which grace the Wild,  
 She did her Sweets impart,  
 When e'er she spoke or smil'd.  
 Her Looks they were so mild,  
 Free from affected Pride,  
 She me to Love beguil'd,  
 I wish'd her for my Bride.

O had I all that Wealth  
*Hoptown's* high Mountains fill,  
 Insur'd long Life and Health,  
 And Pleasures at my will ;  
 I'd promise and fulfill,  
 That none but bonny she,  
 The Lass of *Peaty's* Mill,  
 Shou'd share the same wi' me.







*Bessy<sup>2</sup> Bell*  
*tr.*

O *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*, they are twa bony

The first system of the song features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The treble staff has a trill (tr.) over the first measure. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Lasses, they bigg'd a Bower on yon Burn-brae, &

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Theek'd it o'er wi' Rashes. Fair *Bessy Bell* I

The third system includes a double bar line in the middle of the treble staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Lo'ed yest're'en, and thought I ne'er cou'd

The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

alter, but *Mary Gray's* twa Pawky Een, they

The fifth system includes a trill (tr.) over the first measure of the treble staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

gar my Fancy falter.

The sixth system concludes the song with a double bar line and a final flourish in the treble staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



## II.

*Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.*

**O** *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,  
 They are twa bonny Lassies,  
 They bigg'd a Bower on yon Burn-brac,  
 And theek'd it o'er wi' rashies,  
 Fair *Bessy Bell* I loo'd yestreen,  
 And thought I ne'er cou'd alter;  
 But *Mary Gray*'s twa pawky Een,  
 They gar my Fancy falter.

Now *Bessy*'s Hair's like a Lint-tap;  
 She smiles like a *May* Morning,  
 When *Phæbus* starts frae *Thetis*' Lap,  
 The Hills with Rays adorning:  
 White is her Neck, fast is her Hand,  
 Her Waste and Feet's fu' genty;  
 With ilka Grace she can command;  
 Her Lips, O wow! they're dainty.

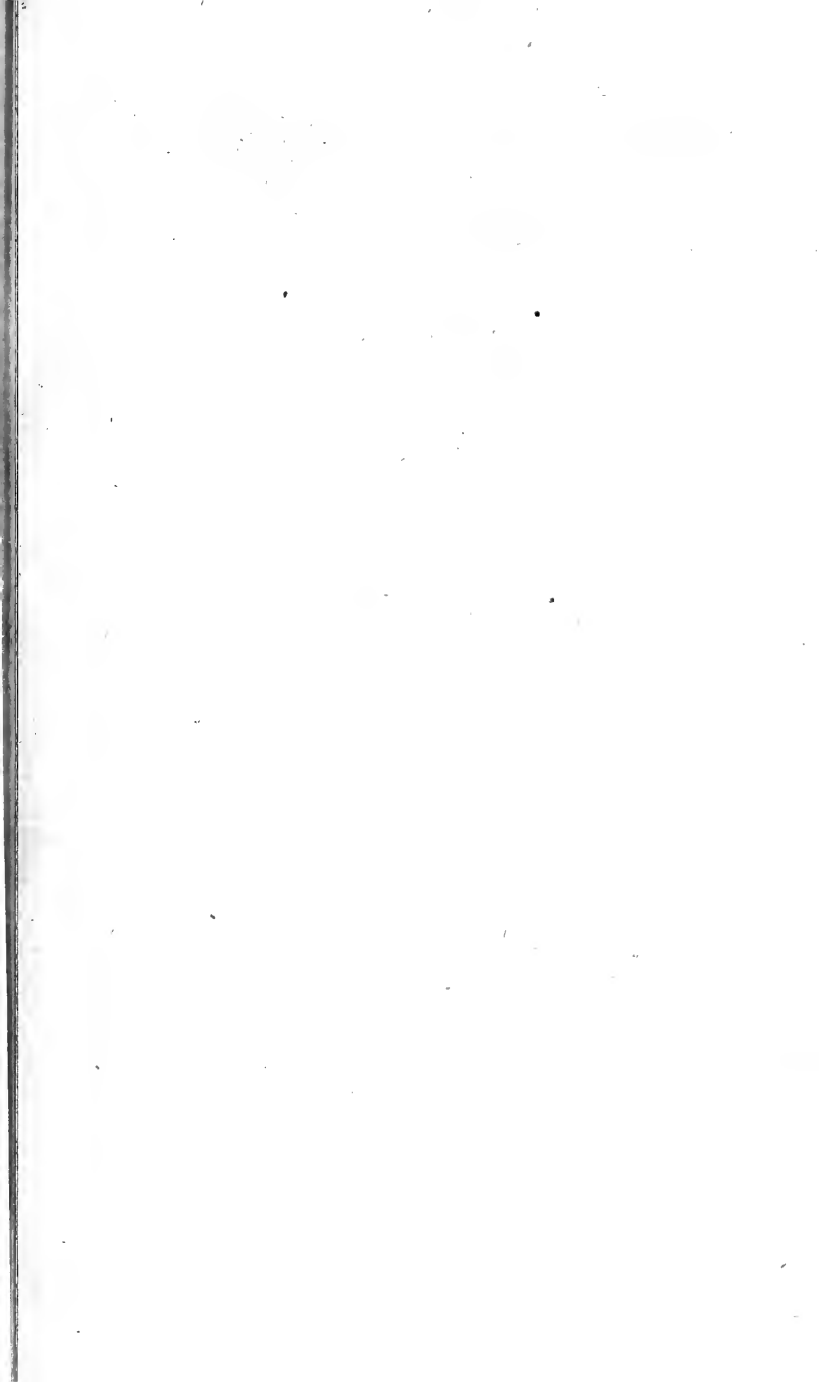
And *Mary*'s Locks are like the *Craw*,  
 Her Een like Diamonds glances;  
 She's ay fae clean, redd up and braw,  
 She kills whene'er she dances:

4 ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS.

Blyth as a Kid, with Wit at will,  
She blooming tight and tall is ;  
And guides her Airs sae gracefu' still,  
O *Jove!* she's like thy *Pallas*.

Dear *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,  
Ye unco fair oppress us ;  
Our Fancies jee between you twa  
Ye are sic bonny Lassies ;  
Wae's me ! for baith I canna get,  
To ane by Law we're stented ;  
Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,  
And be with ane contented.





*The Bush aboon* <sup>3</sup> Traquair

Hear me ye Nymphs and ev-ry Swain, I'll

tell how Pegg-y grieves me, Tho' thus I languish,

thus complain, alas! she ne'er be-lieves me. My

Vows and Sighs like si-lent air, unheeded never

mo = ve her, at the bony Bush aboon Tra =

= quair, 'twas there I first did Lo'e her.



## III.

*The Bush aboon Traquair.*

**H**ear me, ye Nymphs, and every Swain,  
I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me,  
Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,  
Alas! she ne'er believes me.  
My Vows and Sighs, like silent Air,  
Unheeded never move her;  
At the bonny Bush aboon *Traquair*,  
'Twas there I first did love her.

That Day she smil'd, and made me glad,  
No Maid seem'd ever kinder;  
I thought my self the luckiest Lad,  
So sweetly there to find her.  
I try'd to sooth my am'rous Flame,  
In Words that I thought tender;  
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,  
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the Plain,  
The Fields we then frequented;  
If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,  
She looks as ne'er acquainted.

The

The bonny Bush bloom'd fair in *May*.

Its Sweets I'll ay remember ;

But now her Frowns make it decay,

It fades as in *December*.

Ye rural Powers, who hear my Strains,

Why thus should *Peggy* grieve me ?

Oh ! make her Partner in my Pains,

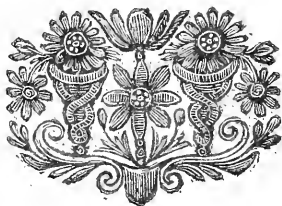
Then let her Smiles relieve me.

If not, my Love will turn Despair,

My Passion no more tender,

I'll leave the Bush aboon *Traquair*,

To lonely Wilds I'll wander.





# Throw the Wood<sup>4</sup> Laddie

As early I walk'd on the first of sweet

The first system of music is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a trill (tr.) over the first measure. The lyrics 'As early I walk'd on the first of sweet' are written below the notes.

May, beside a clear Fountain, beneath a steep

The second system of music continues the melody. The lyrics 'May, beside a clear Fountain, beneath a steep' are written below the notes.

mountain, I heard a sweet Flute, soft Melody

The third system of music continues the melody. The lyrics 'mountain, I heard a sweet Flute, soft Melody' are written below the notes. A trill (tr.) is marked over the final measure of the treble staff.

Play, whilst Echo resounded the dole = rous

The fourth system of music continues the melody. The lyrics 'Play, whilst Echo resounded the dole = rous' are written below the notes. A trill (tr.) is marked over the final measure of the treble staff.

Lay

The fifth system of music consists of two staves with a double bar line and repeat dots, indicating the end of the piece. The word 'Lay' is written below the first staff.

I listned and look'd and spy'd a young

Swain, with aspect destressed, and Spirits op-

-pressed, seem'd clearing a-fresh, as the

sky after Rain, and thus he discover'd, how he

strove with his pain.



## IV.

*Throw the Wood Ladie.*

**A**S early I walk'd, on the first of sweet *May*,  
 Beside a clear Fountain,  
 Beneath a steep Mountain,  
 I heard a sweet Flute soft Melody play,  
 Whilst *Echo* resounded the dolorous Lay.  
 I list'ned and look'd, and spy'd a young Swain,  
 With Aspect distressed,  
 And Spirits oppressed,  
 Seem'd clearing afresh, as the Sky after Rain,  
 And thus he discover'd how he strove with his Pain.  
 Tho' *Cloris* be coy, why shou'd I repine,  
 That a Nymph much above me,  
 Vouchsafes not to love me,  
 In her Rank of Merit I never can shine;  
 Then why should I seek to debase her to mine:  
 No, henceforth Esteem shall bridle Desire,  
 And in due Subjection,  
 Retain warm Affection;  
 No Spark of Self-love shall blaze in my Fire,  
 Then where is the Swain can more humbly admire.  
 When Passion shall cease to rage in my Breast,  
 Then quiet returning,  
 Shall hush all my Mourning :

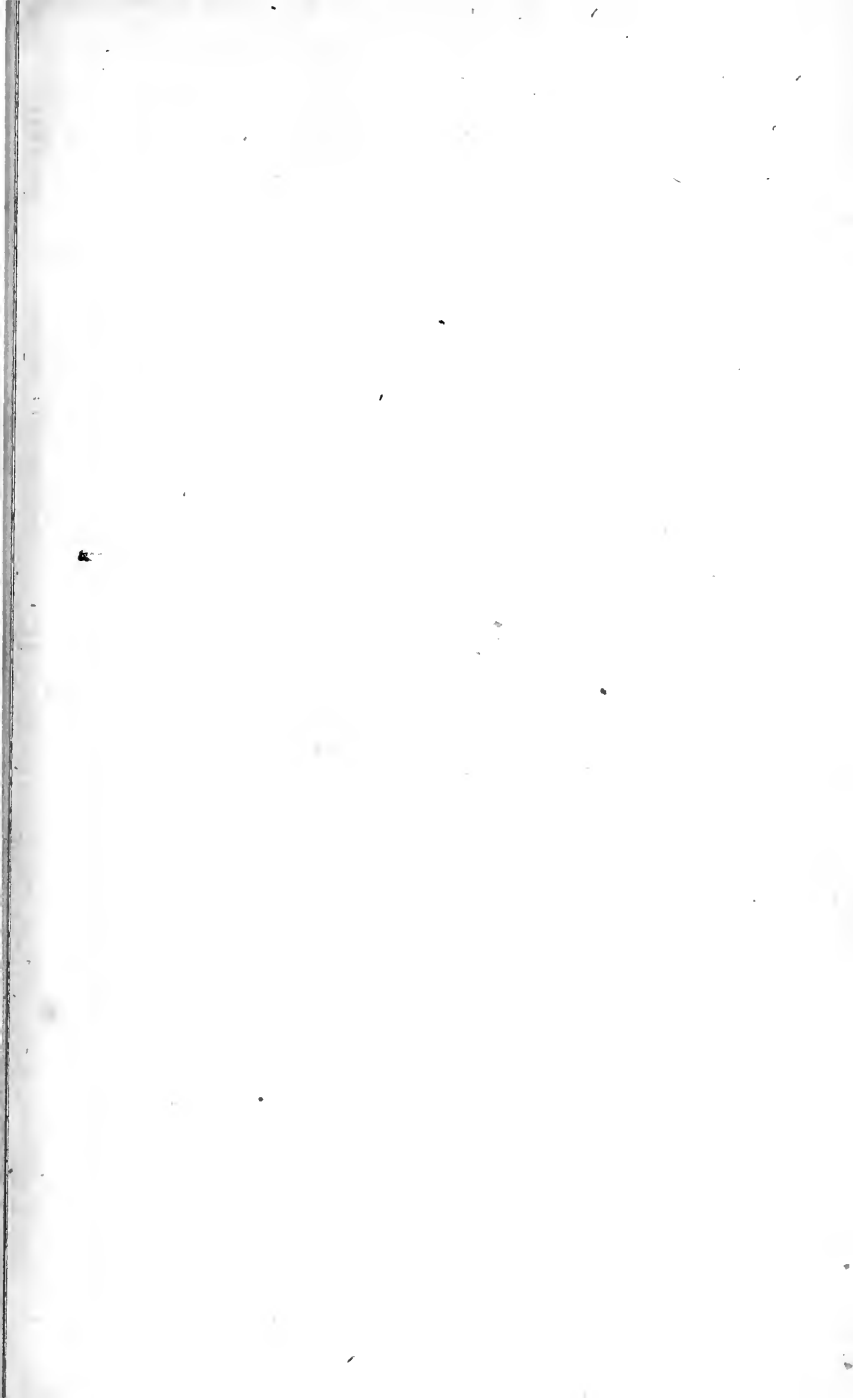
And

And Lord of myself, in absolute rest,  
 I'll hug the Condition that Heaven thinks best.  
 Thus Friendship unmixt, and wholly refin'd,  
     May yet be respected,

Tho' Love is rejected :  
 And *Cloris* must own, tho' she still proves unkind,  
 That there is no such Friend as a Lover resign'd.

May the fortunate Swain, who hereafter shall sue,  
     With happy Endeavour,  
     To gain her dear Favour,  
 Know as well as I, what to *Cloris* is due,  
 Be still more deserving and never less true.  
 Whilst I disingag'd from Wishes and Fears,  
     Tranquillity tasting,  
     On Liberty feasting,  
 In hopes of sure Bliss shall pass my few Years,  
 And long to escape from this Valley of Tears.


Ye Powers that preside over virtuous Love,  
     Now aid me with Patience,  
     To bear my Vexations,  
 With noble Designs my winged Heart move,  
 With Sentiments purest my Notions improve.  
 If e'er my young Heart be caught in Love's Chain,  
     May Prudence direct me,  
     And Courage protect me,  
 Prepar'd for all Fates, rememb'ring the Swain,  
 That grew happily wise, after loving in vain.



Blest as th'Immortal Gods.



Blest as th'Immortal Gods is he, the Youth who




fondly sits by thee, and hears and sees thee




all the while, softly speak and sweetly smile.



'Twas this depriv'd my Soul of Rest, and rais'd such



Tumults in my Breast, for while I gaz'd, in Transport



toft, my Breath was gone, my Voice was lost.



## V.

*Blest as the Immortal Gods.*

**B**lest as th'Immortal Gods is he,  
The Youth who fondly sits by thee,  
And hears and sees thee all the while,  
Softly speak and sweetly smile.  
'Twas this depriv'd my Soul of Rest,  
And rais'd such Tumults in my Breast;  
For while I gaz'd, in Transport tost,  
My Breath was gone, my Voice was lost.

My Bosom glow'd, the subtle Flame  
Ran quick through all my vital Frame,  
O'er my dim Eyes a Darkness hung,  
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung;  
In dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd,  
My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd,  
My feeble Pulse forgot to play,  
I fainted, sunk, and died away.





## VI.

*The last time I came o'er the Moor.*

**T**HE last time I came o'er the Moor,  
 I left my Love behind me ;  
 Ye Powers ! what Pain do I endure,  
 When soft Ideas mind me ?  
 Soon as the ruddy Morn display'd  
 The beaming Day ensuing,  
 I met betimes my lovely Maid,  
 In fit Retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling Shade we lay,  
 Gazing and chafly sporting ;  
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away,  
 Till Night spread her black Curtain.  
 I pity'd all beneath the Skies,  
 Ev'n Kings when she was nigh me ;  
 In Raptures I beheld her Eyes,  
 Which could but ill deny me.

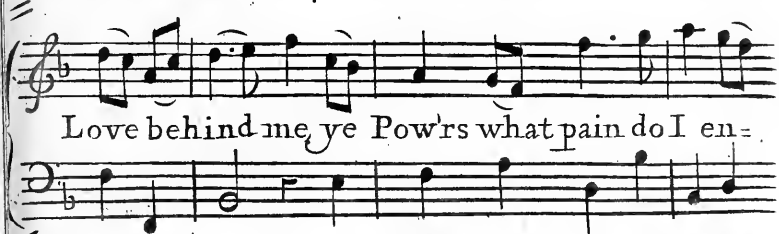
Shou'd I be call'd where Cannons roar,  
 Where mortal Steel may wound me ;  
 Or cast upon some foreign Shore,  
 Where Dangers may surround me :



The Last time I came o'er the Moor



The last time I came o'er the Moor, I left my



Love behind me, ye Pow'rs what pain do I en-



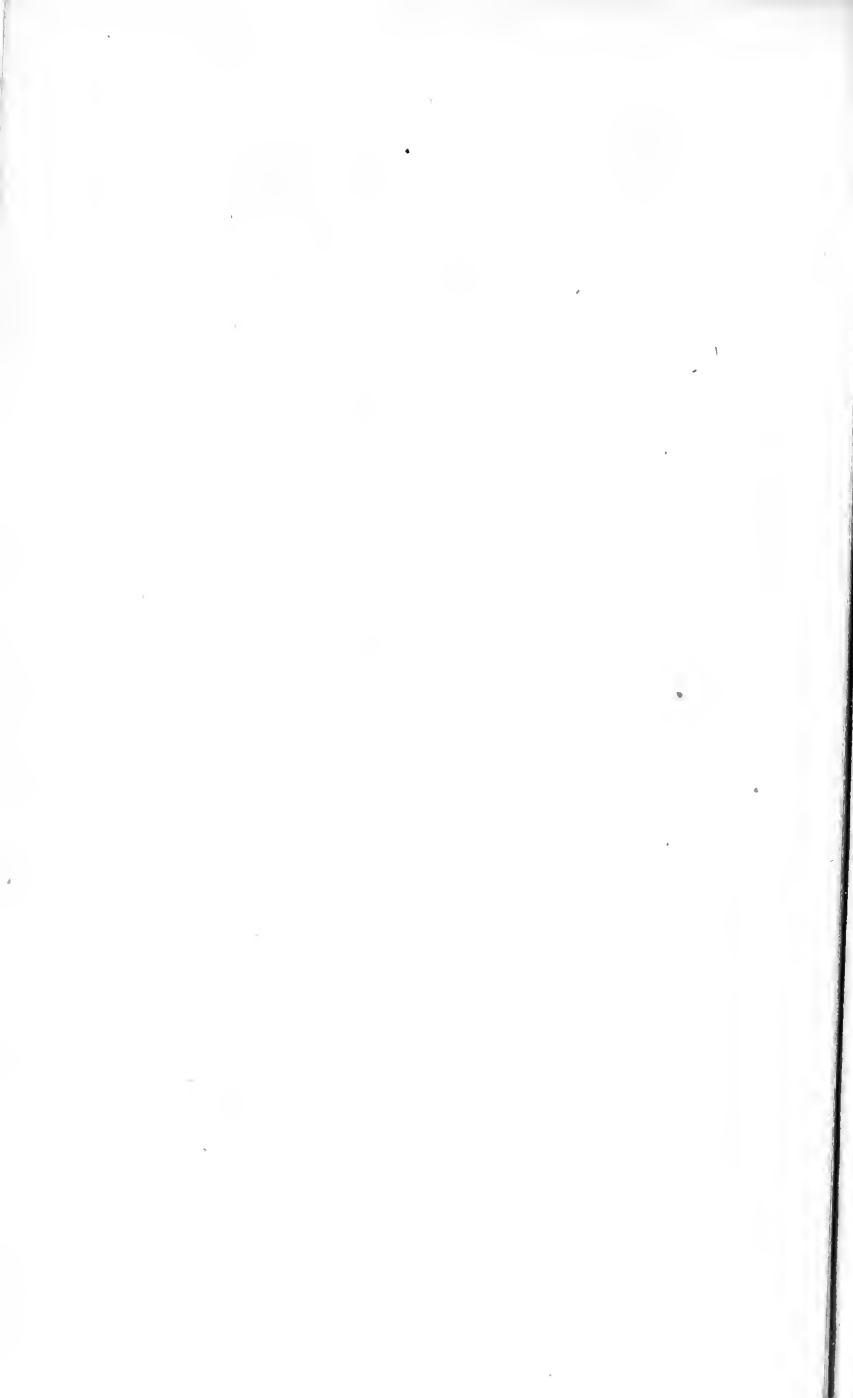
-dure, when soft Ide-as mind me. Soon as the ruddy



Morn display'd, the beaming Day enfring, I met be



-times my Lovely maid, in fit retreats for wooing.



Yet Hopes again to see my Love,  
To feast on glowing Kisses,  
Shall make my Cares at distance move,  
In prospect of such Blissess.

In all my Soul there's not one Place,  
To let a Rival enter :  
Since she excels in every Grace,  
In her my Love shall center.  
The Sea shall sooner cease to flow,  
Its Waves the *Alps* shall cover,  
On *Greenland* Ice shall Roses grow,  
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the Moor,  
She shall a Lover find me ;  
And that my Faith is firm and pure,  
Tho' I left her behind me ;  
Then *Hymen's* sacred Bonds shall chain,  
My Heart to her fair Bosom,  
And while my Being does remain,  
My Love more fresh shall blossom.





## VII.

*The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.*

**I**N *April*, when Primroses paint the sweet Plain,  
 And Summer approaching rejoiceth the Swain;  
 The *Yellow-hair'd Laddie* would oftentimes go  
 To Wilds and deep Glens, where the Hawthorn-  
 trees grow.

There, under the Shade of an old sacred Thorn,  
 With Freedom he sung his Loves Ev'ning and Morn:  
 He sang with so fast and enchanting a Sound,  
 That *Silvans* and *Fairies* unseen danc'd around.

The Shepherd thus sung, Tho' young *Maya* be fair,  
 Her Beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud Air;  
 But *Susie* was handsome, and sweetly could sing,  
 Her Breath like the Breezes perfum'd in the Spring.

That *Madie* in all the gay Bloom of her Youth,  
 Like the Moon was unconstant, and never spoke  
 Truth:

But *Susie* was faithful, good-humour'd and free,  
 And fair as the Goddess who sprung from the Sea.

That

# The Yellow-hair'd Laddie

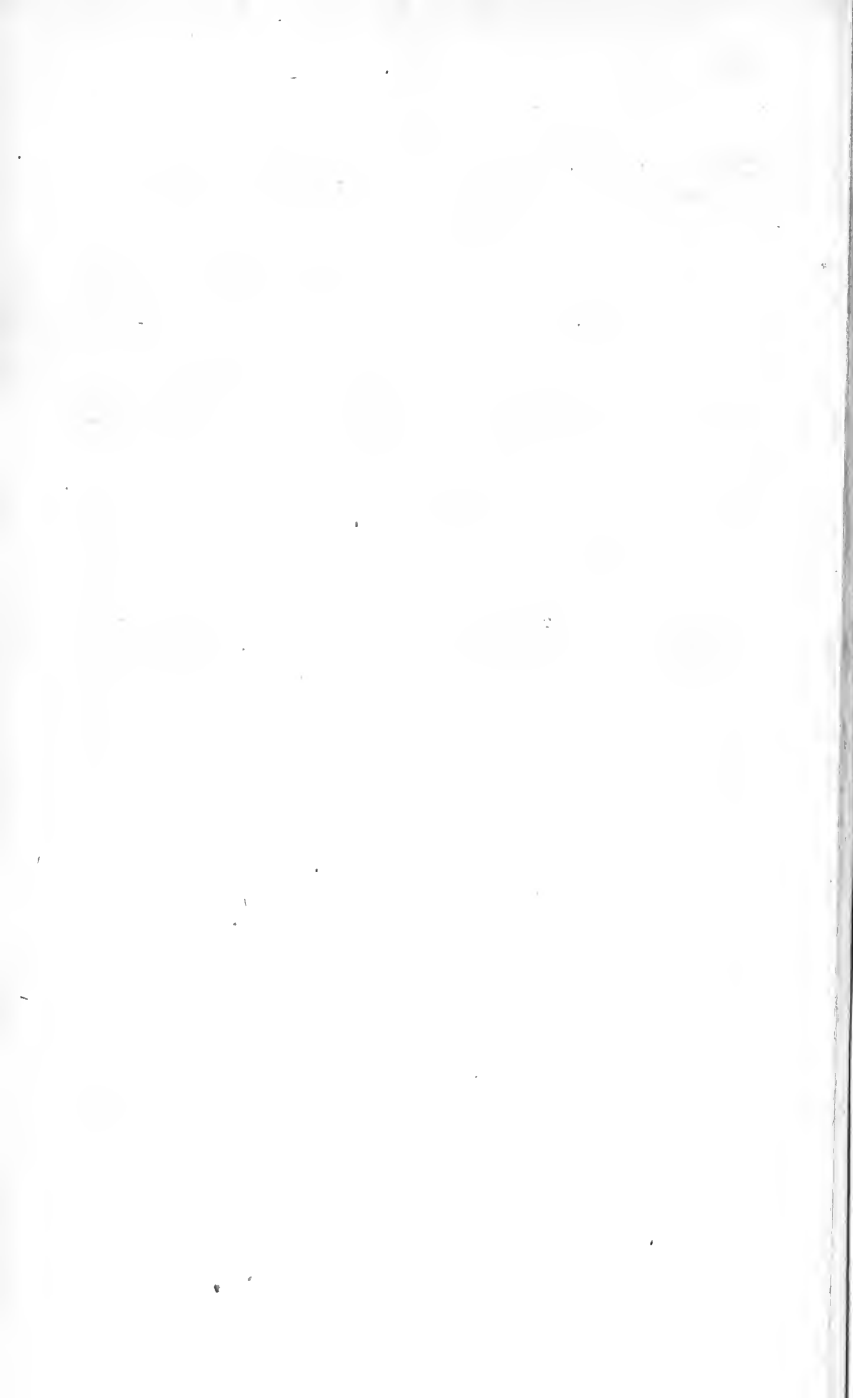
In April, when Primroses paint the sweet

Plain, and Summer approaching rejoyceth the

Swain; the Yellow-hair'd Laddie wou'd often times

go, to Wilds and deep Glens, where the

Hawthorn-trees Grow. Hawthorn-trees Grow.



That Mamma's fine Daughter, with all her great  
Dow'r,  
Was aukwardly airy, and frequently fow'r :  
Then, sighing, he wished, would Parents agree,  
The witty sweet *Susie* his Mistress might be.





## VIII.

*The bonny SCOT.*

To the Tune of, *The Boat-Man.*

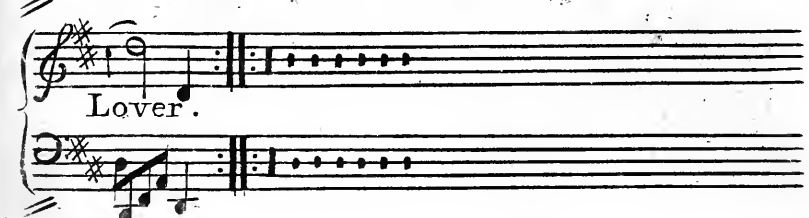
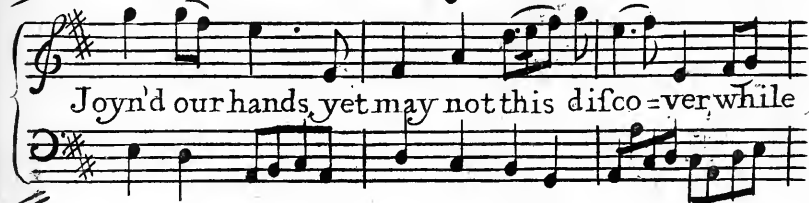
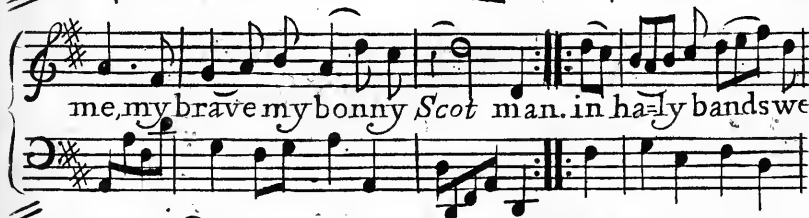
**Y**E Gales, that gently wave the Sea,  
 And please the canny Boat-man,  
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me  
 My brave, my bonny *Scot-Man* :  
     In haly Bands  
     We join'd our Hands,  
 Yet may not this discover,  
     While Parents rate  
     A large Estate,  
 Before a faithful Lover.

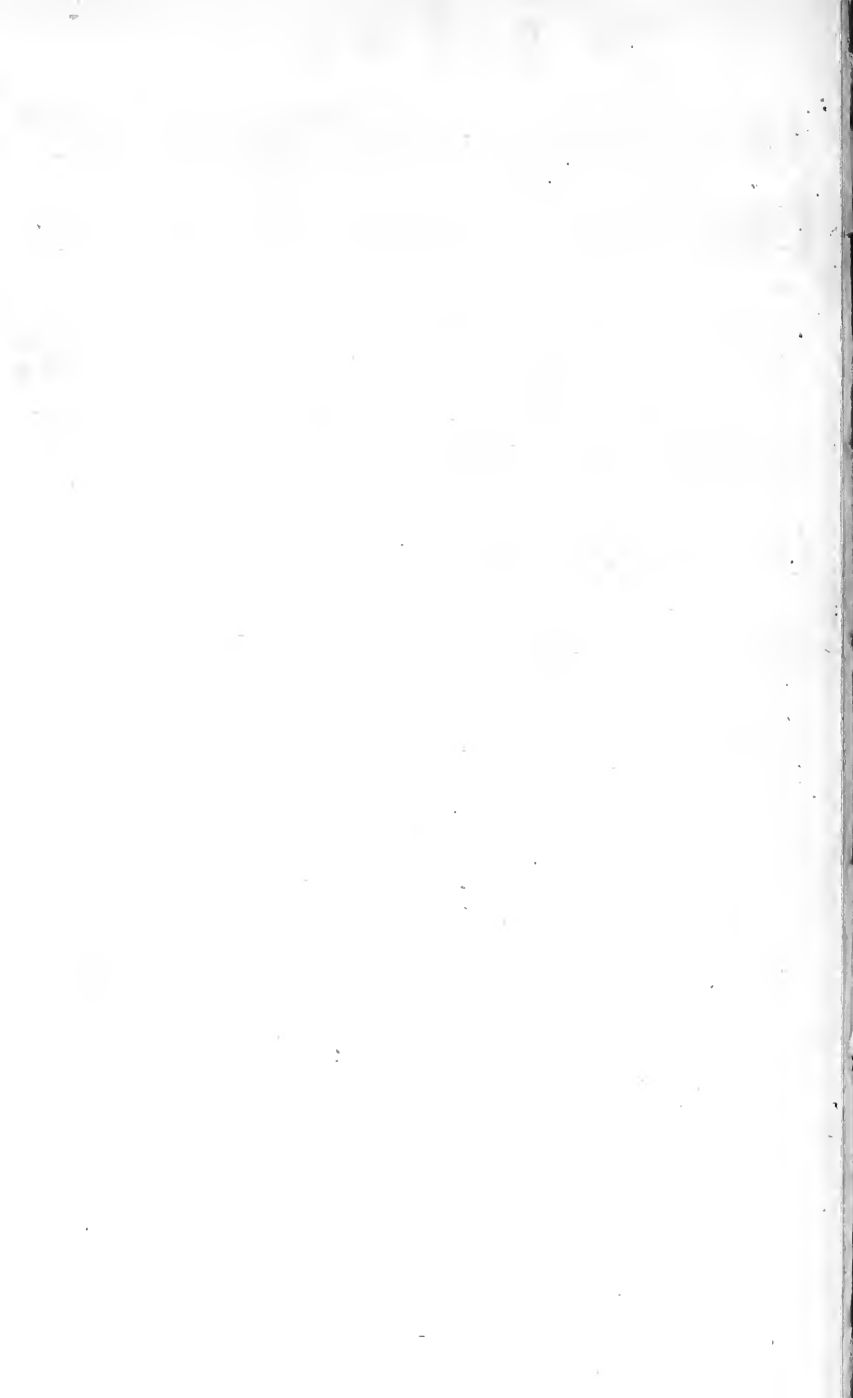
But I loor chuse in *Highland* Glens  
 To herd the Kid and Goat-Man,  
 E'er I cou'd for sic little Ends  
 Refuse my bonny *Scot-Man*.  
     Wae worth the Man  
     Wha first began  
 The base ungenerous Fashion,  
     Fae greedy Views  
     Love's Art to use,  
 While Strangers to its Passion.

Fae



The *Bonny*<sup>8</sup> Scot





Frac foreign Fields, my lovely Youth,  
Haste to thy longing Lassie,  
Wha pants to press thy bawmy Mouth,  
And in her Bosom hawse thee.  
Love gi'es the Word,  
Then haste on Board,  
Fair Winds and tenty Boat-Man,  
Waft o'er, waft o'er  
Frac yonder Shore,  
My blyth, my bonny *Scot*-Man.





## IX.

COLIN *and* GRISY *parting.*

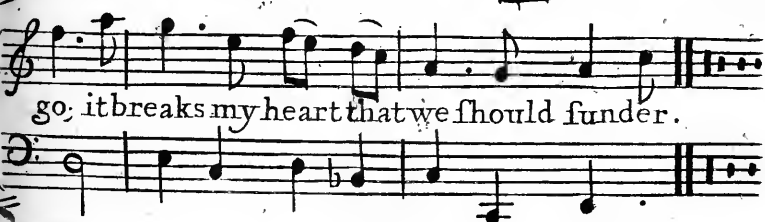
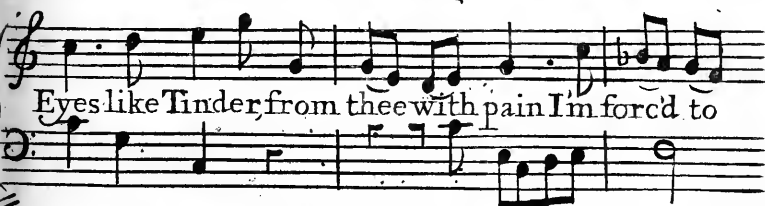
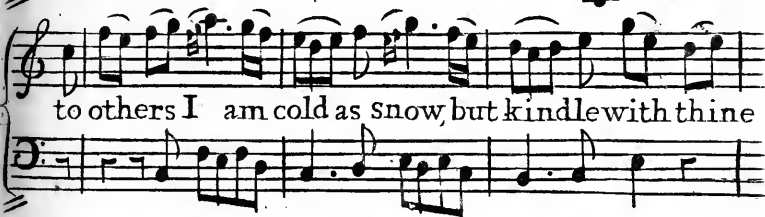
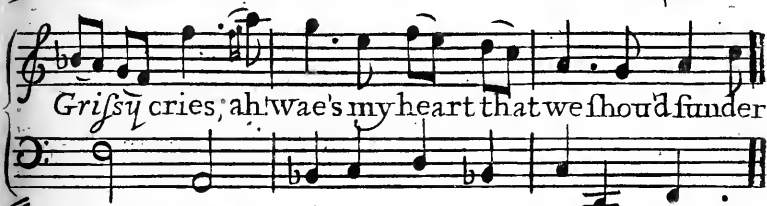
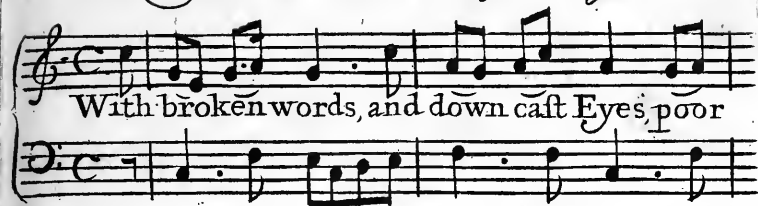
To the Tune of, *Woe's my Heart that we should  
sunder.*

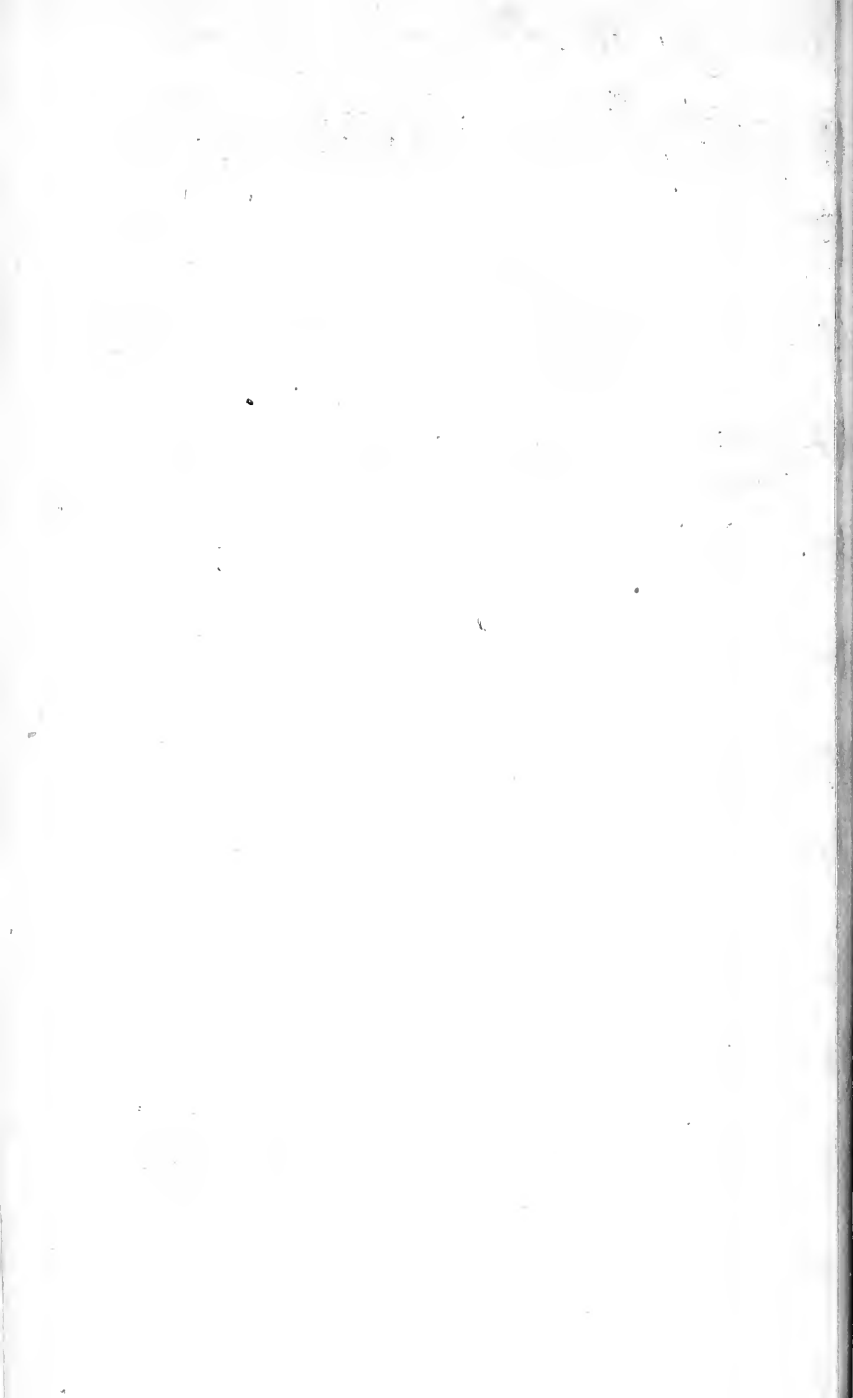
**W**ith broken Words, and down-cast Eyes;  
 Poor *Colin* spoke his Passion tender ;  
 And, parting with his *Grisy*, cries,  
 Ah ! woe's my Heart that we should *sunder*.  
 To others I am cold as Snow,  
 But kindle with thine Eyes like Tinder:  
 From thee with Pain I'm forc'd to go ;  
 It breaks my Heart that we should *sunder*.

Chain'd to thy Charms, I cannot range,  
 No Beauty new my Love shall hinder,  
 Nor Time nor Place shall ever change  
 My Vows, tho' we're oblig'd to *sunder*.  
 The Image of thy graceful Air,  
 And Beauties which invite our Wonder,  
 Thy lively Wit, and Prudence rare,  
 Shall still be present, tho' we *sunder*.

Dear

Wae's my Heart<sup>9</sup> that we shou'd funder





Dear Nymph, believe thy Swain in this,  
You'll ne'er engage a Heart that's kinder;  
Then seal a Promise with a Kiss,  
Always to love me, tho' we funder.

Ye Gods, take care of my dear Lads,  
That as I leave her I may find her:  
When that blest time shall come to pass,  
We'll meet again, and never funder.





## X.

*The Broom of Cowdenknows.*

**O** *The Broom, the bonny Broom,  
The Broom of Cowdenknows ;  
I wish I were at hame again,  
To milk my Daddy's Ews.*

How blyth ilk Morn was I to see,  
The Swain come o'er the Hill !  
He skip'd the Burn, and flew to me :  
I met him with good Will.

*O the Broom, &c.*

I neither wanted Ew nor Lamb  
While his Flock near me lay ;  
He gather'd in my Sheep at E'en,  
And chear'd me a' the Day.

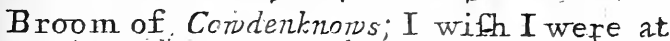
*O the Broom, &c.*

He tun'd his Pipe and Reed sae sweet,  
The Birds stood list'ning by :  
E'en the dull Cattle stood and gaz'd,  
Charm'd with his Melody.

*O the Broom, &c.*

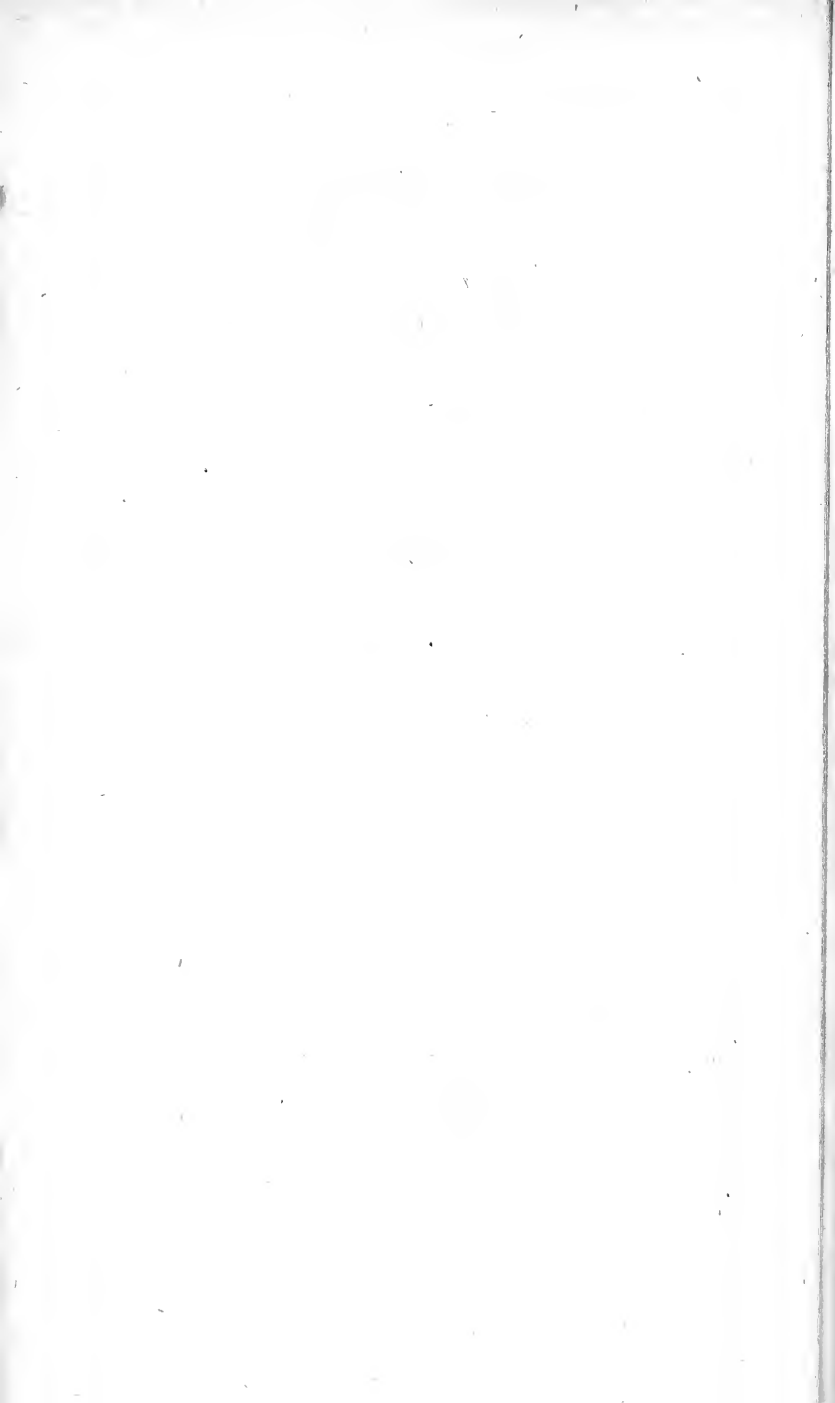
While





hame again, to milk my Daddys Ews .

## A handwritten musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on two staves. The top staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature (C), and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with eighth and quarter notes. The bottom staff also begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. It contains a bass line with similar notation, including a double bar line and a repeat sign towards the end. The handwriting is in dark ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper.



While thus we spent our Time by turns,  
Betwixt our Flocks and Play :  
I envy'd not the fairest Dame,  
Tho' ne'er so rich and gay.

*O the Broom, &c.*

Hard Fate that I shou'd banish'd be,  
Gang heavily and mourn,  
Because I lov'd the kindest Swain,  
That ever yet was born.

*O the Broom, &c.*

He did oblige me ev'ry Hour,  
Cou'd I but faithfu' be ;  
He staw my Heart : cou'd I refuse,  
Whate'er he ask'd of me ?

*O the Broom, &c.*

My Doggie, and my crooked Stick,  
May now lie uselefs by,  
My Plaidy, Broach and little Kitt,  
That held my Wee Soup Whey.

*O the Broom, &c.*

Adieu ye *Cowdenknows*, adieu ;  
Farewell a' Pleasures there ;

Ye Gods restore to me my Swain,  
Is a' I crave or care.

*O the Broom, the bonny Broom,  
The Broom of Cowdenknows:  
I wish I were at hame again,  
To milk my Daddy's Ews.*



Handwritten text at the top of the page, possibly a title or header.

Handwritten text in the second section, possibly a subtitle or a line of a letter.

Handwritten text in the third section, possibly a line of a letter.

Handwritten text in the fourth section, possibly a line of a letter.

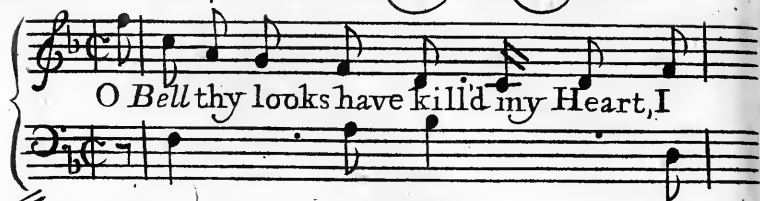
Handwritten text in the fifth section, possibly a line of a letter.

Handwritten text in the sixth section, possibly a line of a letter.

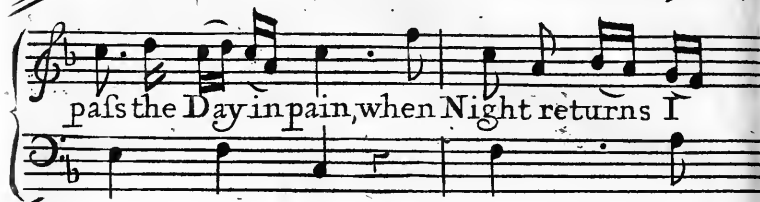
Handwritten text in the seventh section, possibly a line of a letter.

Handwritten text in the eighth section, possibly a line of a letter.

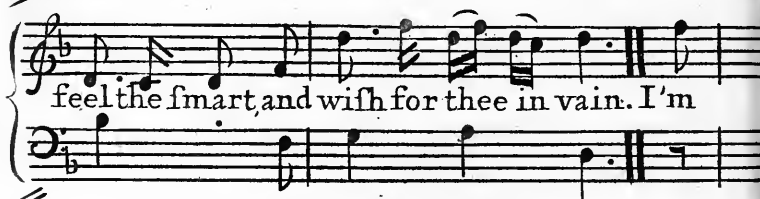
Come hap me <sup>II.</sup> with thy Pettycoat



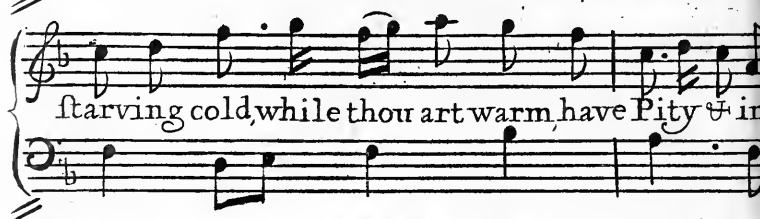
O Bell thy looks have kill'd my Heart, I



pass the Day in pain, when Night returns I



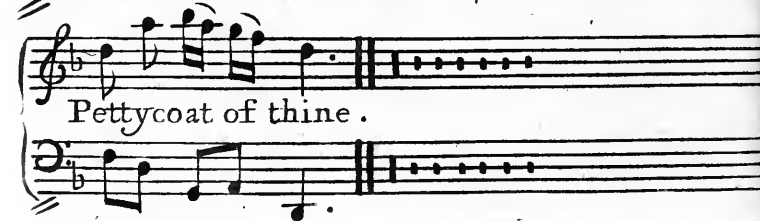
feel the smart, and wish for thee in vain. I'm



starving cold, while thou art warm, have Pity & in



= cline, and grant me for a Hap, that charming



Pettycoat of thine .



## XI.

*Come hap me with thy Petticoat.*

**O** *B E L L*, thy Looks have kill'd my Heart,  
I pass the Day in Pain ;  
When Night returns, I feel the Smart,  
And wish for thee in vain.  
I'm starving cold, while thou art warm :  
Have pity and incline,  
And grant me for a Hap that charm-  
ing Petticoat of hine.

My ravish'd Fancy in amaze,  
Still wanders o'er thy Charms,  
Delusive Dreams ten thousand ways,  
Present thee to my Arms.  
But waking think what I endure,  
While cruel you decline  
Those Pleasures, which can only cure  
This panting Breast of mine.

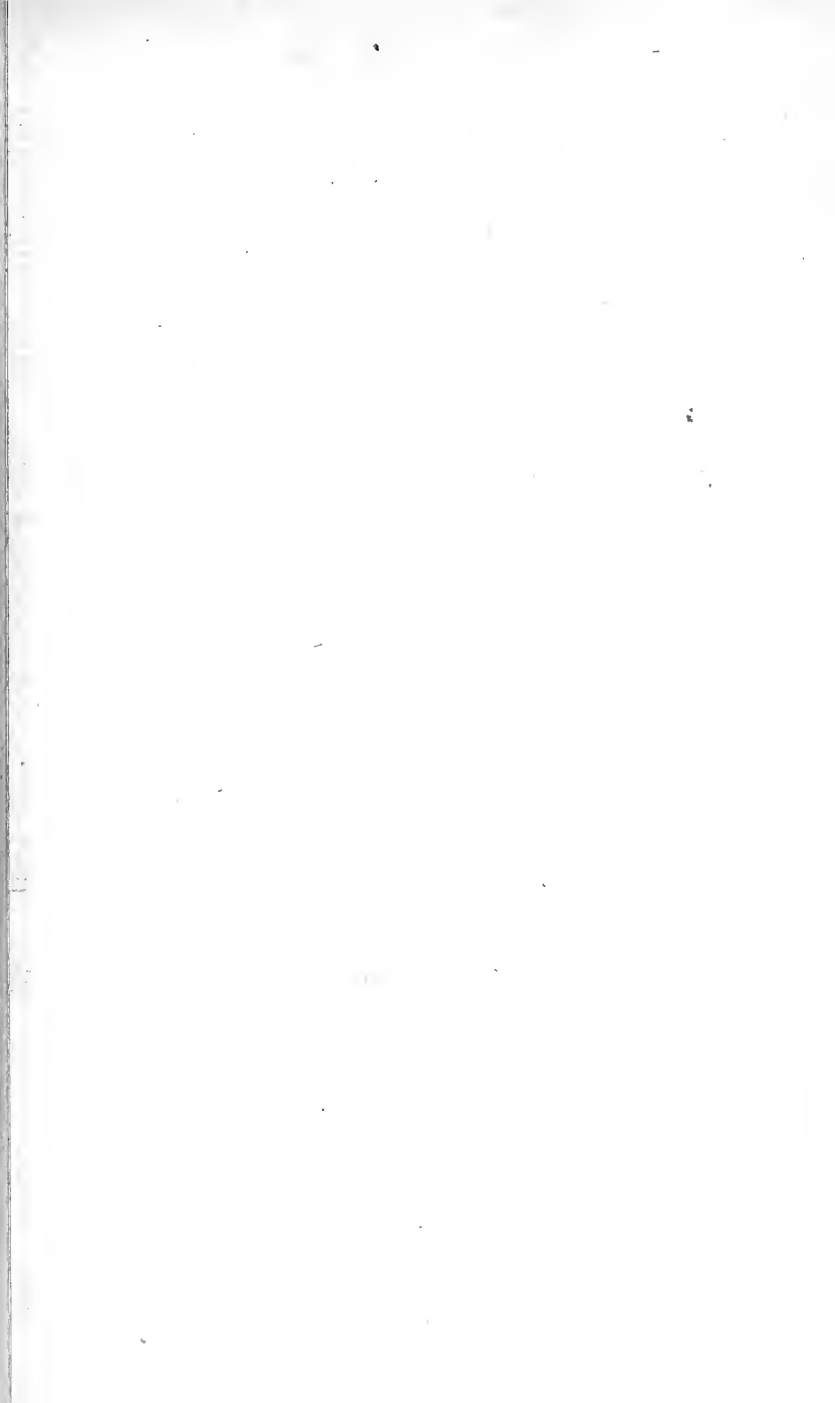
I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,  
Because you still deny  
The just Reward that's due to Love,  
And let true Passion die.

Oh ! turn and let Compassion seize  
That lovely Breast of thine ;  
Thy Petticoat could give me ease,  
If thou and it were mine.

Sure Heaven has fitted for Delight,  
That beauteous Form of thine,  
And thou'rt too good its Law to slight,  
By hind'ring the Design.  
May all the Powers of Love agree,  
At length to make thee mine,  
Or loose my Chains, and set me free  
From ev'ry Charm of thine.







*Bonny Christy*<sup>12</sup>

How sweetly smells the Simmer green; sweet

The first system of the musical score for 'Bonny Christy'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff joined by a brace. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat and a common time signature, with a melody of quarter and half notes.

taste the Peach and Cherry; Painting and order-

The second system of the musical score. The treble staff continues the melody with eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff continues with quarter and half notes.

please our Een, and Claret makes us merry: but

The third system of the musical score. The treble staff continues the melody, ending with a double bar line. The bass staff continues with quarter and half notes, also ending with a double bar line.

finest Colours, Fruits and Flow'rs, and wine tho'

The fourth system of the musical score. The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff continues with quarter and half notes.

I be thirsty, lose a' their Charms and weaker.

The fifth system of the musical score. The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff continues with quarter and half notes.

Pow'rs compar'd with those of *Christy*

The sixth system of the musical score. The treble staff continues the melody, ending with a double bar line. The bass staff continues with quarter and half notes, also ending with a double bar line.



XII.

*Bonny* CHRISTY.

**H**OW sweetly smells the Simmer Green!  
 Sweet taste the Peach and Cherry;  
 Painting and Order please our Een,  
 And Claret makes us merry:  
 But finest Colours, Fruits and Flowers,  
 And Wine, tho' I be thirsty,  
 Lose a' their Charms and weaker Powers,  
 Compar'd with those of *Christy*.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry Park,  
 No nat'ral Beauty wanting,  
 How lightsome is't to hear the Lark,  
 And Birds in Confort chanting?  
 But if my *Christy* tunes her Voice,  
 I'm rapt in Admiration;  
 My Thoughts with Extasies rejoice,  
 And drap the hale Creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly Glance,  
 I take the happy Omen,

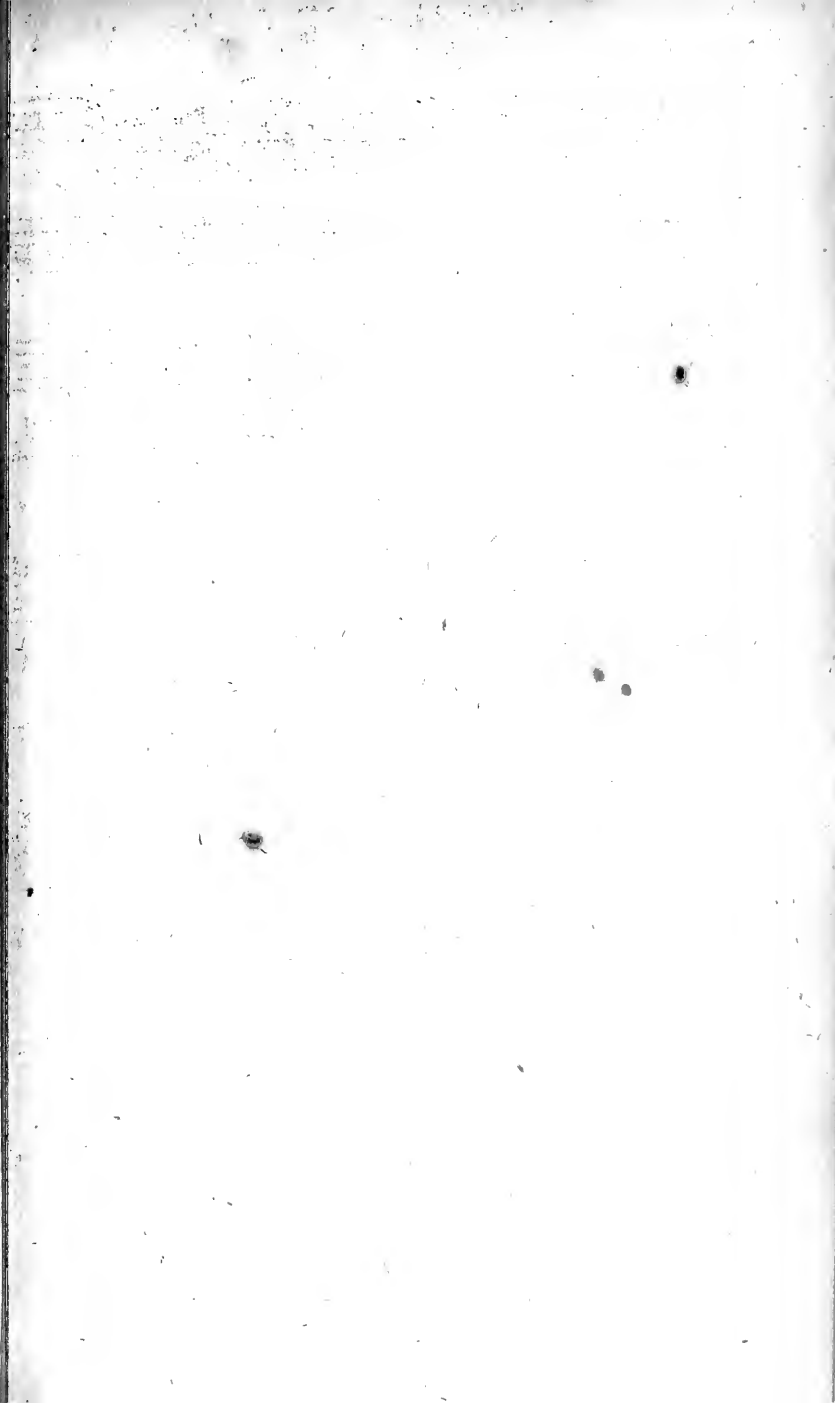
And

And aften mint to make Advance,  
 Hoping she'll prove a Woman:  
 But, dubious of my ain Desert,  
 My Sentiments I smother;  
 With secret Sighs I vex my Heart,  
 For fear she love another.

Thus sang blat e *Edie* by a Burn,  
 His *Christy* did o'er-hear him;  
 She doughtna let her Lover mourn,  
 But e'er he wist drew near him.  
 She spake her Favour with a Look,  
 Which left nae room to doubt her;  
 He wisely this white Minute took,  
 And flang his Arms about her.

My *Christy*! — witness, bonny Stream,  
 Sic Joys frae Tears arising,  
 I wish this may nae be a Dream;  
 O Love the maist surprising!  
 Time was too precious now for Taulk;  
 This Point of a' his Wilthes  
 He wadna with set Speeches bauk,  
 But war'd it a' on Kisses.





# Scornfu.<sup>13</sup> Nansy

There's Nansy's to the Green Wood gane, to hear

Gowdspinck chat ring, and Willy's follow'd her a

- lane, to gain her love by Flatt'ring, but a that

he cou'd say or doe, she snuft and snarl'd at

him, and ay when he began to woo, She bad him

mind wha gat him.



## XIII.

*Scornfu' Nancy.*

**N** *Ansy's* to the *Green Wood* gane,  
To hear the Gowdspink chat'ring,  
And *Willie* he has follow'd her,  
To gain her Love by flat'ring :  
But a' that he cou'd say or do,  
She geck'd and scorned at him ;  
And ay when he began to woo,  
She bad him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my Dad, quoth he;  
My Minny or my Aunty ?  
With Crowdy-Mowdy they fed me,  
Lang-kail and Ranty-tanty :  
With Bannocks of good Barley-Meal,  
Of thae there was right plenty,  
With chapped Stocks fou butter'd well ;  
And was not that right dainty ?

Altho' my Daddy was nae Laird,  
'Tis daffin to be vaunty,  
He keepit ay a good Kail-yard,  
A Ha' House and a Pantry :  
A good blew Bonnet on his Head,  
An Owrlay 'bout his Cragy ;  
And ay until the Day he died,  
He rade on good Shanks Nagy.

Now wae and wander on your Snout,  
Wad ye hae bonny *Nansy* ?  
Wad ye compare ye'r sel' to me,  
A Docken till a Tanfie ?  
I have a Wooer of my ain,  
They ca' him souple *Sandy*,  
And well I wat his bonny Mou  
Is sweet like Sugar-candy.

Wow *Nansy*, what needs a' this Din ?  
Do I not ken this *Sandy* ?  
I'm sure the chief of a' his Kin  
Was *Rab* the Beggar randy :  
His minny *Meg* upo' her Back  
Bare baith him and his *Billy* ;  
Will he compare a nasty Pack  
To me your winsome *Willy* ?



My Gutcher left a good braid Sword,  
Tho' it be auld and rusty,  
Yet ye may tak it on my Word,  
It is baith stout and trusty ;  
And if I can but get it drawn,  
Which will be right uneasy,  
I shall lay baith my Lugs in pawn,  
That he shall get a Heezy.

Then *Nansy* turn'd her round about,  
And said, did *Sandy* hear ye,  
Ye wadna mis to get a Clout,  
I ken he disna fear ye :  
Sae had ye'r Tongue and say nae mair,  
Set somewhere else your fancy ;  
For as lang's *Sandy's* to the Fore,  
Ye never shall get *Nansy*.





## XIV.

*The Highland Laddie.*

O My bonny bonny Highland Laddie,  
 O my bonny bonny Highland Laddie,  
 When I was sick and like to die,  
 He row'd me in his Highland Plaidy.

The *Lawland* Lads think they are fine ;  
 But O they're vain and idly gawdy !  
 How much unlike that gracefu' Mien,  
 And manly Looks of my *Highland* Laddie ?  
 O my bonny, &c.

If I were free at Will to chuse  
 To be the wealthiest *Lawland* Lady,  
 I'd take young *Donald* without Trews,  
 With Bonnet blew, and belted Plaidy.  
 O my bonny, &c.

The Brawest Beau in Borrow-town,  
 In a' his *Airs*, with Art made ready,  
 Compair'd to him, he's but a Clown ;  
 He's finer far in's tartan Plaidy.  
 O my bonny, &c.

O'er

# *The Highland Laddie*<sup>14</sup>

O my bonny bonny Highland Laddie,

The first system of music for 'The Highland Laddie' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes.

O my bonny bonny Highland Laddie, when

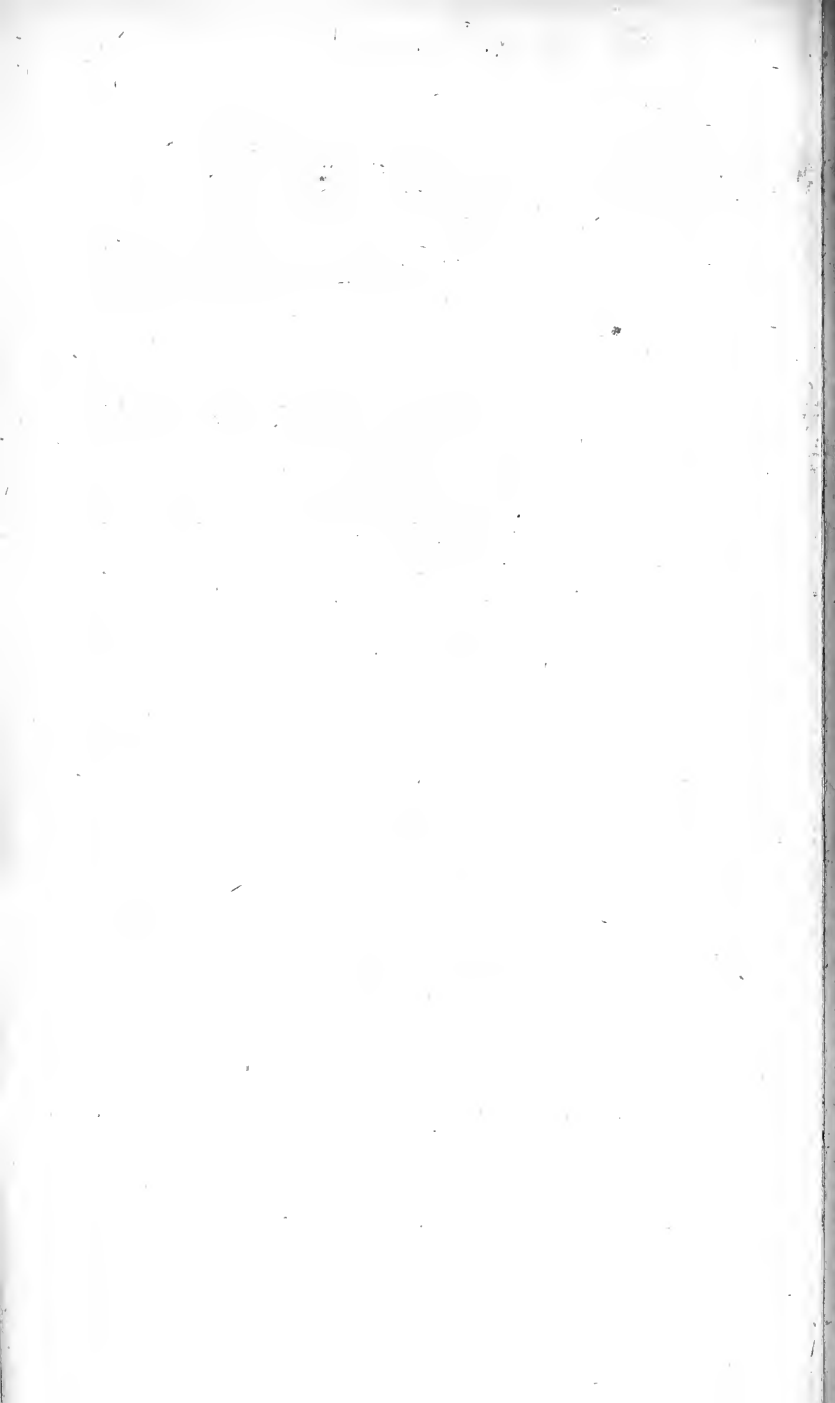
The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The upper staff features a melodic line with various note values, and the lower staff provides a steady harmonic support.

I was Sick and like to die, he row'd me in his

The third system continues the musical piece. The melody in the upper staff shows some syncopation and rests, while the bass line remains consistent in its accompaniment.

Highland Plaidy.

The fourth system concludes the piece. It features a final melodic phrase in the upper staff followed by a double bar line and a series of dotted lines, indicating a repeat or a specific ending. The lower staff also concludes with a double bar line and dotted lines.



O'er benty Hill with him I'll run,  
And leave my *Lawland* Kin and Dady.  
Frae Winter's Cauld, and Summer's Sun,  
He'll screen me with his *Highland* Plaidy.  
O my bonny, &c.

A painted Room, and filken Bed,  
May please a *Lawland* Laird and Lady;  
But I can kifs, and be as glad  
Behind a Bush in's *Highland* Plaidy.  
O my bonny, &c.

Few Compliments between us pass,  
I ca' him my dear *Highland* Laddie,  
And he ca's me his *Lawland* Lafs,  
Syne rows me in beneath his Plaidy.  
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater Joy I'll e'er pretend,  
Than that his Love prove true and steady,  
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,  
While Heaven preserves my *Highland* Laddie.

O my bonny bonny *Highland* Laddie,  
O my bonny bonny *Highland* Laddie,  
When I was sick and like to die,  
He row'd me in his *Highland* Plaidy.



## XV.

*Blink o'er the Burn.*

**A**S gentle Turtle Dove,  
 By cooing shews Desire,  
 As Ivys Oak do love,  
 And twining round aspire :  
 So I my *Betty* love,  
 So I my *Betty* woo,  
 I coo as coos the Dove,  
 And twine as Ivys do.

Her Kifs is sweet as Spring,  
 Like *June* her Bosom's warm,  
 The *Autumn* ne'er did bring,  
 By half, so sweet a Charm.  
 As living Fountains do  
 Their Favours ne'er repent,  
 So *Betty's* Blessings grow,  
 The more, the more they're lent.

Leave Kindred and Friends, sweet *Betty*,  
 Leave Kindred and Friends for me ;  
 Assur'd thy Servant is steddý  
 To Love, to Honour, and Thee.

Blink O'er the <sup>15</sup> Burn

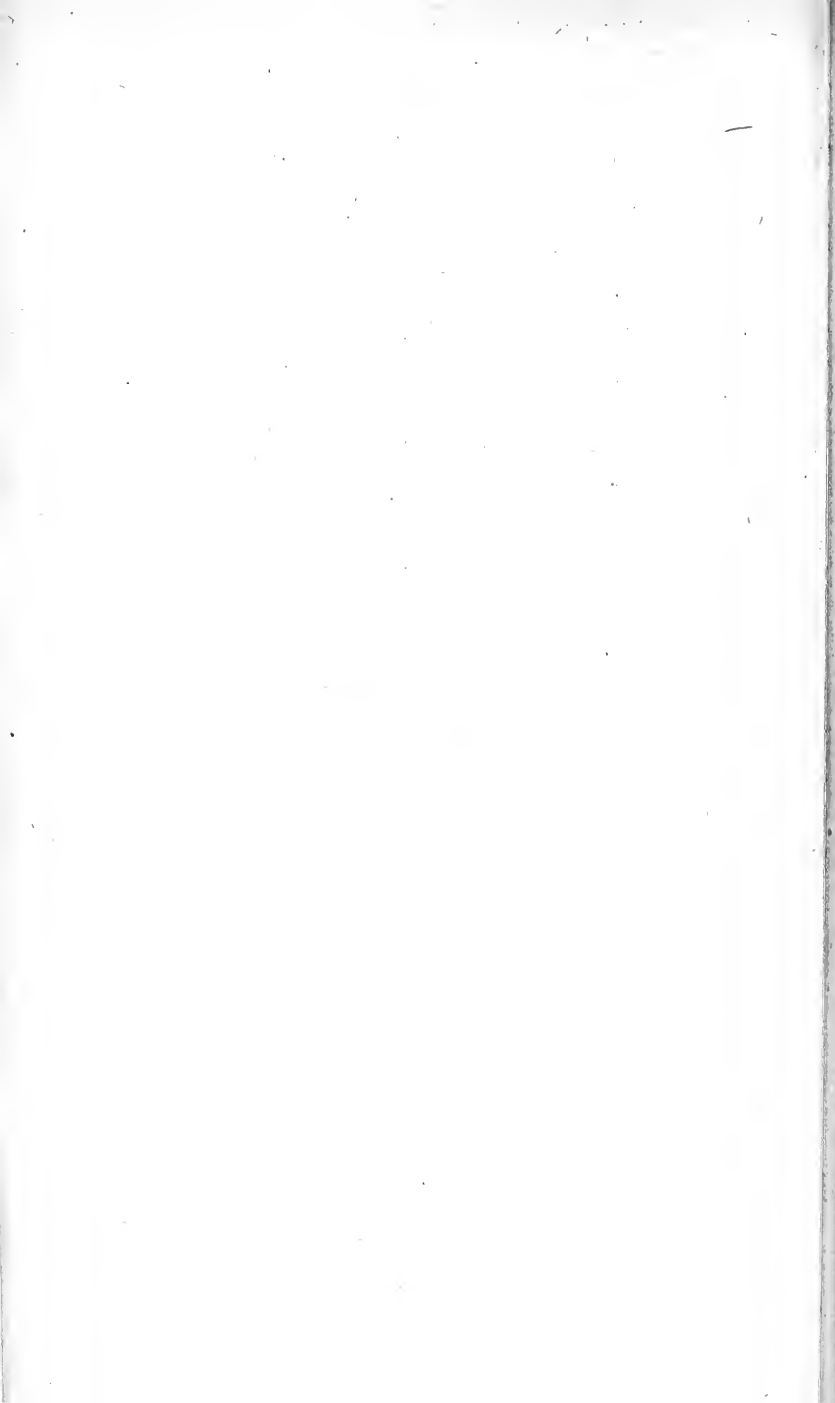
As Gentle Turtle Doves, By Cooing shew de

= fire, As I=vy Oaks do love, in Twining

do aspire. So I my Bet=ty Love, So I my

Bet=ty woo, I Coo, as Coos a Dove, and

Twine as I=vy doe.





The Gifts of Nature and Fortune,  
May fly, by chance as they came ;  
They're Grounds the Destinies sport on,  
But Vertue is ever the same.

Altho' my Fancy were roving,  
Thy Charms so heavenly appear,  
That other Beauties disproving,  
I'd worship thine only, my Dear.  
And shou'd Life's Sorrows embitter,  
The Pleasure we promis'd our Loves,  
To share them together is fitter,  
Than moan asunder, like Doves.

Oh! were I but once so blessed,  
To grasp my Love in my Arms !  
By thee to be grasped ! and kissed !  
And live on thy Heaven of Charms !  
I'd laugh at Fortune's Caprices,  
Shou'd Fortune capricious prove ;  
Tho' Death shou'd tear me to pieces,  
I'd die a Martyr to Love.





## XVI.

## TWEED-SIDE.

**W**Hat Beauties does *Flora* disclose?  
 How sweet are her Smiles upon *Tweed*?  
 Yet *Mary*'s still sweeter than those;  
 Both Nature and Fancy exceed.  
 Nor Daisy, nor sweet blushing Rose,  
 Nor all the gay Flowers of the Field,  
 Not *Tweed* gliding gently thro' those,  
 Such Beauty and Pleasure does yield.

The Warblers are heard in the Grove,  
 The Linnet, the Lark, and the Thrush,  
 The Black-bird, and sweet cooing Dove,  
 With Musick enchant ev'ry Bush.  
 Come, let us go forth to the Mead,  
 Let us see how the Primroses spring,  
 We'll lodge in some Village on *Tweed*,  
 And love while the feather'd Folks sing.

How does my Love pass the long Day?  
 Does *Mary* not 'tend a few Sheep?  
 Do they never carelessly stray,  
 While happily she lies asleep.

*Tweed's*

<sup>16</sup>  
Tweed Side

What Beauties does *Flora* disclose, how *tr.*

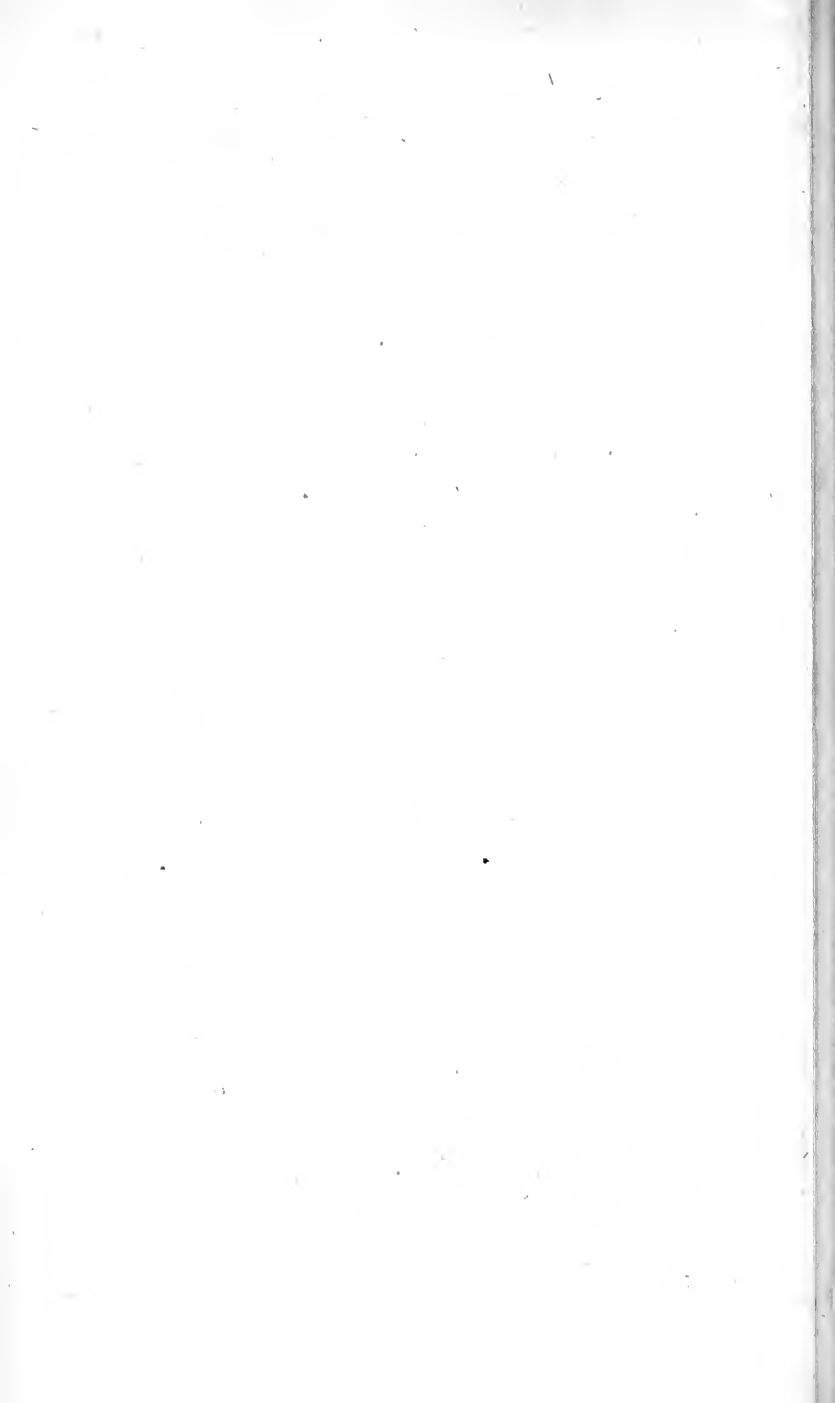
sweet are her smiles upon *Tweed*, yet *Mary's* still

sweeter than those, both Nature and Fancy exceed.

No Daisie, nor sweet blushing Rose, nor all y gay

Flowers of the Field, nor *Tweed* Gliding gently thro

those, such Beauty and Pleasure does yield.



*Tweed's* Murmurs should lull her to rest ;  
Kind Nature indulging my Bliss,  
To relieve the soft Pains of my Breast,  
I'd steal an ambrosial Kiss.

'Tis she does the Virgins excell,  
No Beauty with her may compare ;  
Love's Graces all round her do dwell,  
She's fairest where thousands are fair.  
Say, Charmer, where do thy Flocks stray ?  
Oh ! tell me at Noon where they feed ;  
Shall I seek them on sweet winding *Tay*,  
Or the pleasanter Banks of the *Tweed* ?





## XVII.

*Love is the Cause of my Mourning.*

**B**Y a murmuring Stream a fair Shepherdess lay,  
Be so kind, O ye Nymphs, I oft times heard  
her say,

Tell *Strephon* I die, if he passes this way,  
*And that Love is the Cause of my Mourning.*

False Shepherds, that tell me of Beauty and Charms,  
You deceive me, for *Strephon's* cold Heart never  
warms;

Yet bring me this *Strephon*, let me die in his Arms,  
*Oh Strephon! the Cause of my Mourning.*

But first, said she, let me go  
Down to the Shades below,  
E'er ye let *Strephon* know,  
That I have lov'd him so :

Then on my pale Cheek no Blushes will show,  
*That Love was the Cause of my Mourning.*

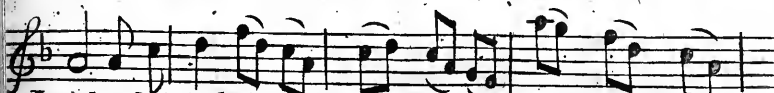
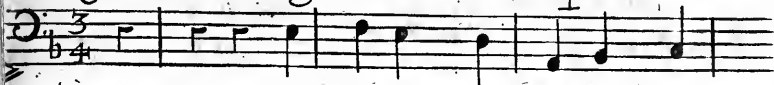
Her Eyes were scarce closed when *Strephon* came by,  
He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh;  
But finding her breathless, oh Heavens! did he cry,  
*Ah Chloris! the Cause of my Mourning.*

Restore

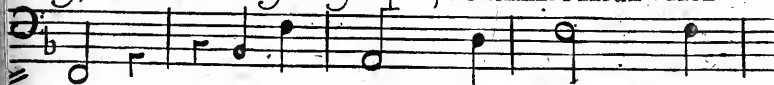
Love is the Cause<sup>17</sup> of my Mourning



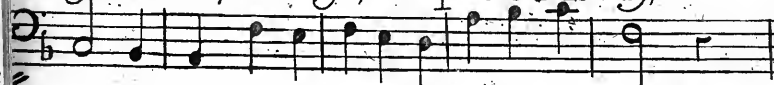
By a murmuring stream a fair Shepherdess



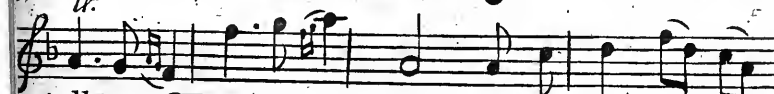
Lay, be so kind, O ye Nymphs, I oftimes heard her



say, tell Strephon I dye, if he passes this way, And that



Love is the Cause of my Mourning. False Shepherds y



tell me of Beauty and Charms, you deceive me, for



Strephon's cold heart never warms, yet bring me this



*tr.*  
Strephon, let me dye in his arms, oh Strephon! the

Cause of my Mourning. But first say'd she,

let me go down to the Shades below, E'er ye let

Strephon know, that I have Loy'd him so :

*tr.*  
then on my pale Cheek, no Blushes will show, That

Love was the Cause of my Mourning.



Restore me my *Chloris*, ye Nymphs use your Art;  
 They sighing, reply'd, 'twas yourself shot the Dart,  
 That wounded the tender young Shepherdess' Heart,  
*And kill'd the poor Chloris with Mourning.*

Ah then is *Chloris* dead,  
 Wounded by me! he said;  
 I'll follow thee, chaste Maid,  
 Down to the silent Shade.

Then on her cold snowy Breast leaning his Head,  
*Expir'd the poor Strephon with Mourning.*





## XVIII.

*Bonny J E A N.*

**L** O V E's Goddess in a Myrtle Grove,  
 Said, *Cupid*, bend thy Bow with speed,  
 Nor let the Shaft at random rove,  
 For *Jeany's* haughty Heart must bleed.  
 The smiling Boy, with divine Art,  
 From *Paphos* shot an Arrow keen,  
 Which flew, unerring, to the Heart,  
 And kill'd the Pride of bonny *Jean*.

No more the Nymph, with haughty Air,  
 Refuses *Willy's* kind Address;  
 Her yielding Blushes shew no Care,  
 But too much Fondness to suppress.  
 No more the Youth is sullen now,  
 But looks the gayest on the Green,  
 Whilst every Day he spies some new  
 Surprising Charms in bonny *Jean*.

A thousand Transports croud his Breast,  
 He moves as light as fleeting Wind,  
 His former Sorrows seem a Jest,  
 Now when his *Jeany* is turn'd kind :

Riches

Bonny <sup>18</sup> Jean

Love's Goddess in a Myrtle Grove, said, *Cu-pid*,

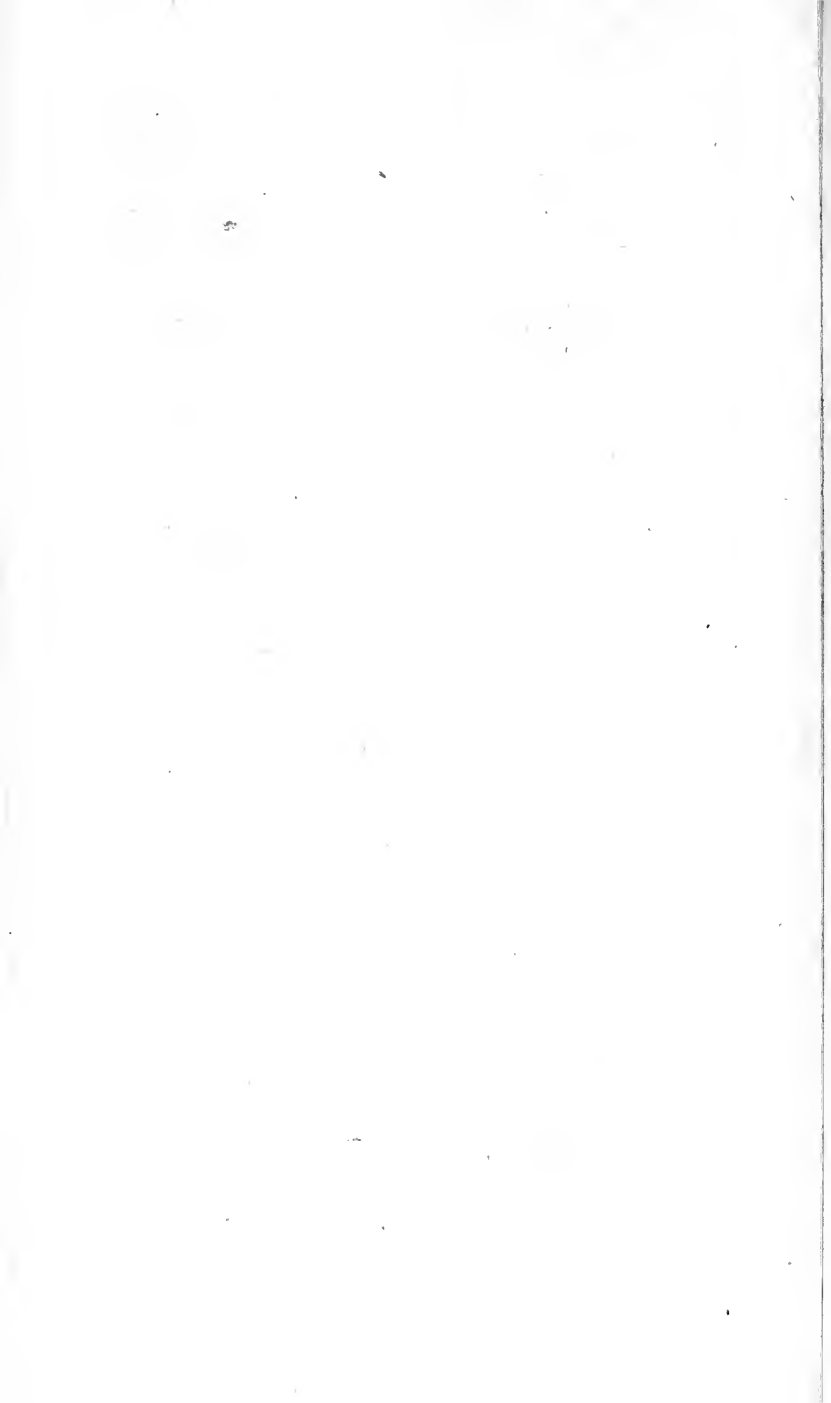
bend thy Bow with speed, nor let the shaft at Random

rove for *Jean's* haughty Heart must bleed. The

smiling Boy with divine art, from *Paphos* shot an

Arrow keen, which flew unerring to the Heart, and

kill'd the Pride of bonny *Jean*.



Riches he looks on with disdain,  
The glorious Fields of War look mean ;  
The chearful Hound and Horn give pain,  
If absent from his bonny *Jean*.

The Day he spends in am'rous Gaze,  
Which ev'n in Summer shortned seems ;  
When sunk in Downs, with glad Amaze,  
He wonders at her in his Dreams.  
All Charms disclos'd, she looks more bright  
Than *Troy's* Prize, the *Spartan* Queen,  
With breaking Day, he lifts his Sight,  
And pants to be with bonny *Jean*.





## XIX.

## MARY SCOT.

**H**Appy's the Love which meets return,  
 When in soft Flames Souls equal burn.  
 But Words are wanting to discover  
 The Torments of a hopeless Lover.  
 Ye Registers of Heaven, relate,  
 If looking o'er the Rolls of Fate,  
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow  
*Mary Scot* the Flower of *Yarrow*?

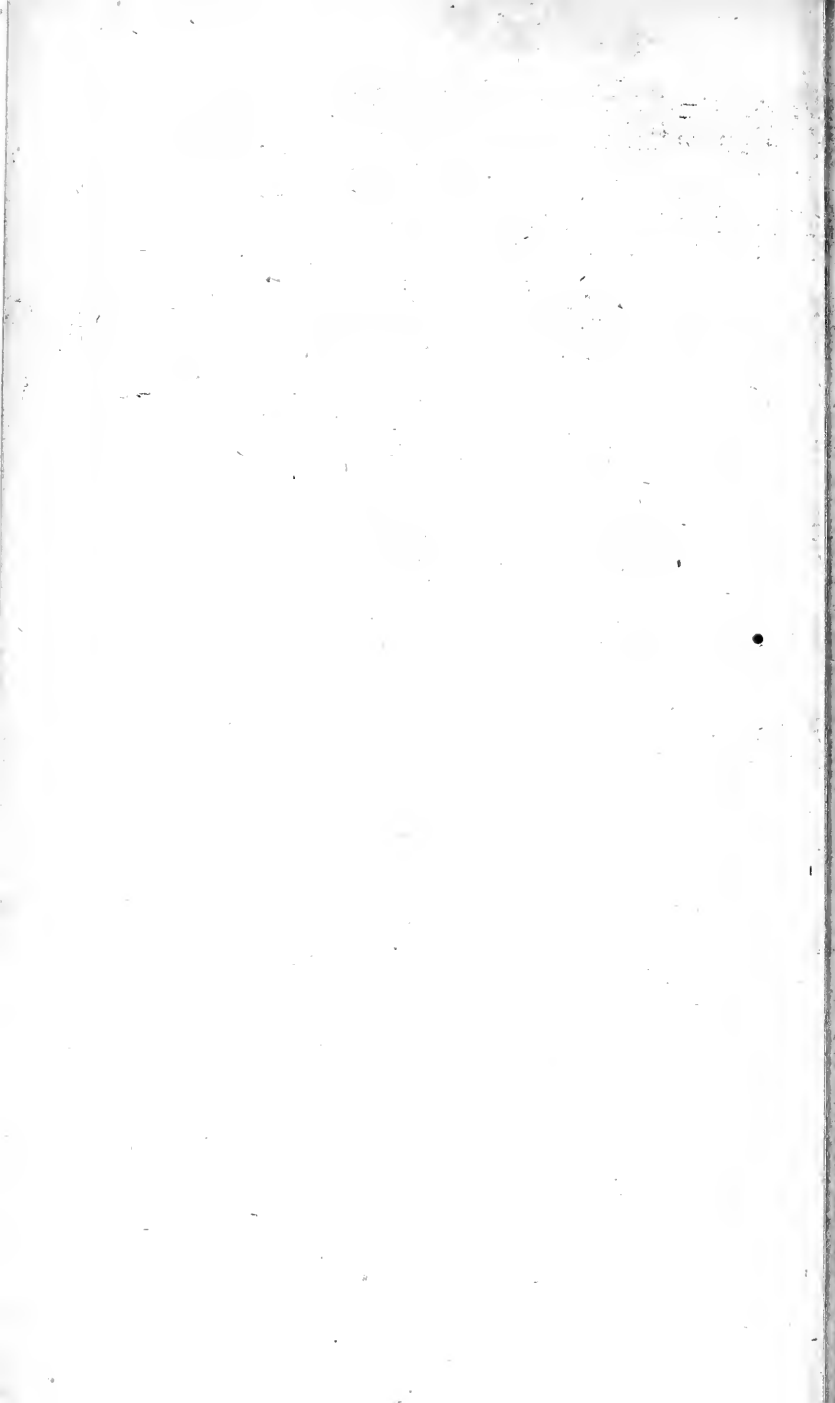
Ah no! her Form's too heavenly fair,  
 Her Love the Gods above must share;  
 While Mortals with Despair explore her,  
 And at a distance due adore her.  
 O lovely Maid! my Doubts beguile,  
 Revive and bless me with a Smile:  
 Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a  
 Sighing Swain the Banks of *Yarrow*.

Be hush, ye Fears, I'll not despair,  
 My *Mary's* tender as she's fair;

Mary Scot<sup>19</sup>

How happy's the Love which meets return, when  
in soft Flames Souls equal burn, but words are  
wanting to discover, the Torments of a hopeless  
Lover. Ye Registers of Heav'n, relate, if looking  
O'er the Rolls of Fate, did you then see me mark'd as  
Marrow to Mary Scot the flower of Yarrow!

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and a trill (tr) in the second system. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots in the final measure of the vocal line.





Then I'll go tell her all mine Anguish,  
She is too good to let me languish :  
With Success crown'd, I'll not envy  
The Folks who dwell above the Sky ;  
When *Mary Scot's* become my Marrow,  
We'll make a Paradise on *Tarrow*.





## XX.

*The Mill, Mill — O.*

**B**eneath a green Shade I fand a fair Maid,  
 Was sleeping sound and still — O ;  
 A' lowan wi' Love, my Fancy did rove  
 Around her with good Will — O :  
 Her Bosom I prest ; but, sunk in her rest,  
 She stird na my Joy to spill — O :  
 While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,  
 And kifs'd, and kifs'd her my fill — O.

Oblig'd by Command in *Flanders* to land,  
 T' employ my Courage and Skill — O,  
 Frae her quietly I staw, hoist Sails and awa,  
 For Wind blew fair on the Bill — O. [Fame,  
 Twa Years brought me hame, where loud fraising  
 Tald me with a Voice right shrill — O,  
 My Lafs, like a Fool, had mounted the Stool,  
 Nor kend wha had done her the ill — O.

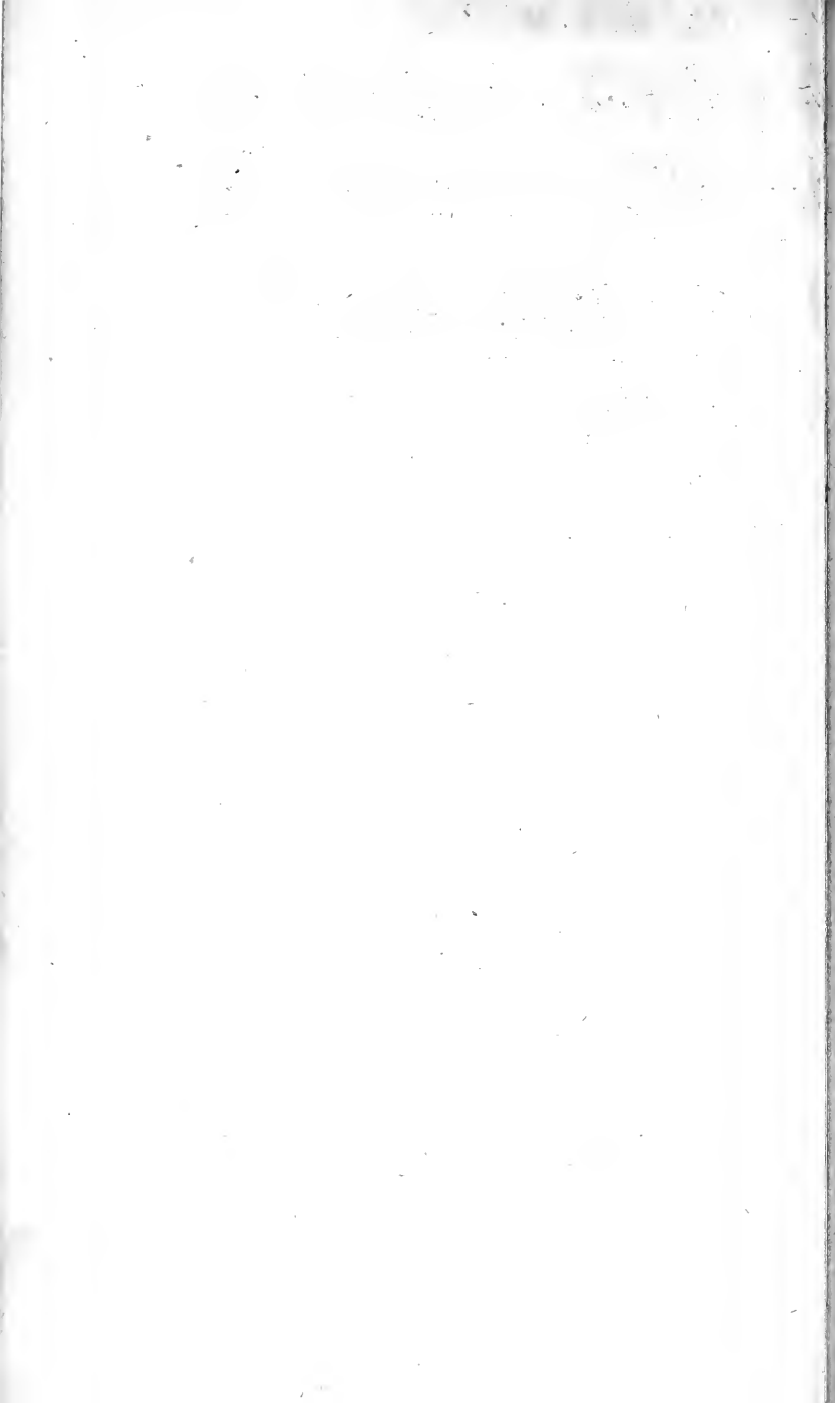
Mair fond of her Charms, with my Son in her Arms,  
 I ferlyng speer'd how she fell — O.

Wi'

The Mill, Mill<sup>20</sup> O.

Beneath a green shade I fand a fair Maid, was  
sleeping sound and still O; A lowan wi' Love my  
Fancy did rove, around her with good will O;  
Her Bosom I prest, but sunk in her rest, she stir'd namy  
Joy to spill O: while kindly she slept, close to her I  
crept, and kiss'd and kiss'd, her my fill O.

The image shows a musical score for a song titled "The Mill, Mill<sup>20</sup> O." The score is written on ten staves, each consisting of a treble and a bass clef. The music is in common time (C). The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words underlined. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines. The lyrics are: "Beneath a green shade I fand a fair Maid, was sleeping sound and still O; A lowan wi' Love my Fancy did rove, around her with good will O; Her Bosom I prest, but sunk in her rest, she stir'd namy Joy to spill O: while kindly she slept, close to her I crept, and kiss'd and kiss'd, her my fill O." The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.



Wi' the Tear in her Eye, quoth she, let me die,  
Sweet Sir, gin I can tell — O.  
Love gave the Command, I took her by the Hand,  
And bad her a' Fears expel — O ;  
And nae more look wan, for I was the Man  
Wha had done her the Deed my fell — O.

My bonny sweet Lafs on the gowany Grass,  
Beneath the *Shilling-hill* — O,  
If I did Offence, I'll make ye Amends  
Before I leave *Peggy's Mill* — O.

*O the Mill, Mill — O, and the Kill, Kill — O,  
And the cogging of the Wheel — O ;  
The Sack and the Sieve, a' that ye maun leave,  
And round with a Sodger reel — O.*





## XXI.

JOHNNY *and* NELLY.

## JOHNNY.

**T**H O' for seven Years and mair, Honour shou'd  
 reave me,  
 To Fields where Cannons rair, thou need na grieve  
 thee :  
 For deep in my Spirits thy Sweets are indented ;  
 And Love shall preserve ay what Love has imprinted.  
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,  
 Gang the Warld as it will, Dearest, believe me.

## NELLY.

O *Johnny*, I'm jealous whene'er ye discover  
 My Sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose Rover ;  
 And nought i' the Warld wad vex my Heart fairer,  
 If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer.  
 Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me !  
 A' the lang Night and Day, if you deceive me.

## JOHNNY.

My *Nelly*, let never sic Fancies oppress ye,  
 For, while my Blood's warm, I'll kindly caress ye :  
 Yours

Johnny <sup>21</sup> Johnny and Nelly

Tho' for seven Years and mair, honour shou'd

reave me, to Fields where Cannons rair, thou needna

grieve thee, for deep in my Spirit thy sweets are in -

-dented, and Love shall preserve ay what Love has. Im

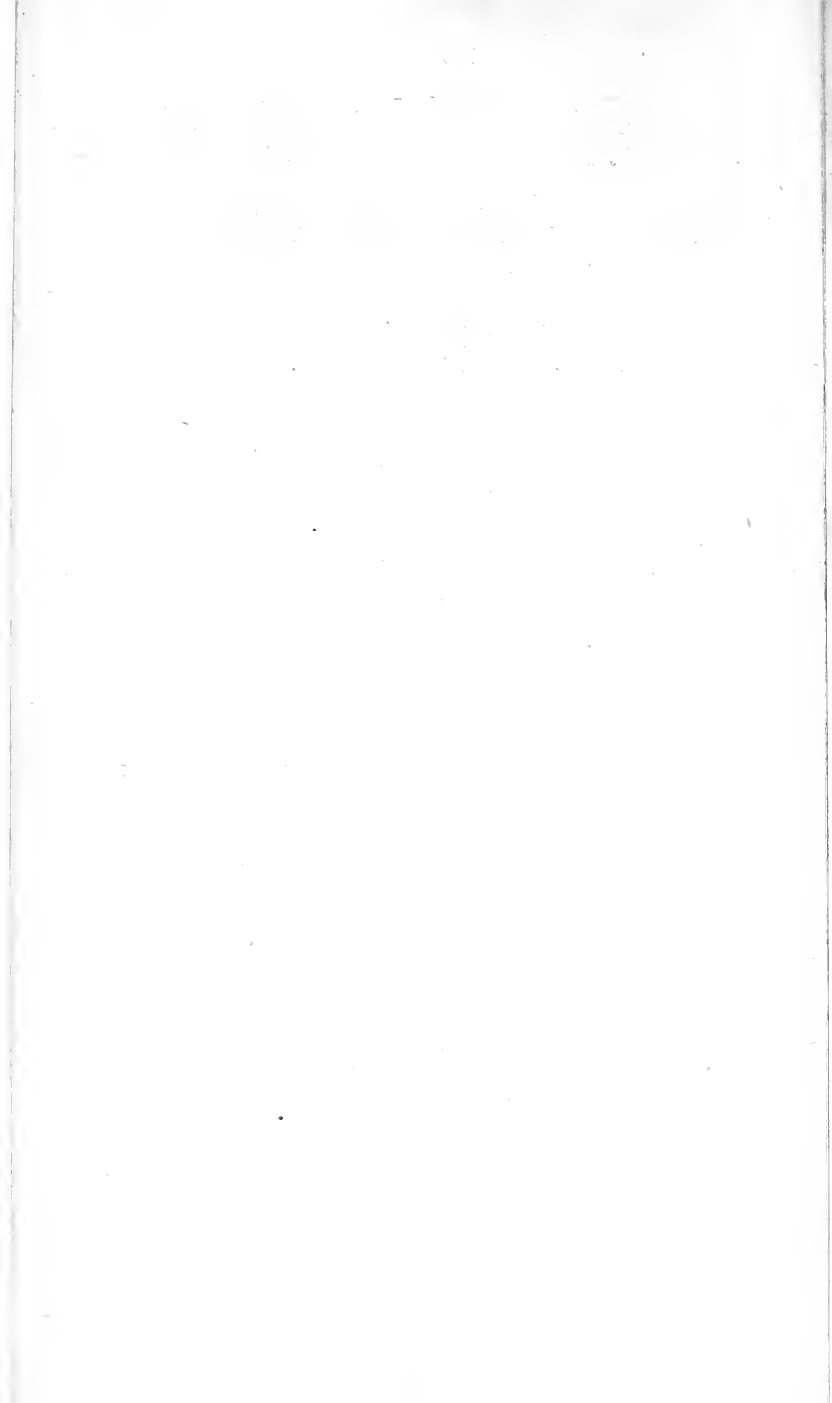
Chorus

-printed. Leave thee Leave thee I'll never leave thee,

Leave thee Leave thee I'll never leave thee,

gang the world as it will dearest believe me.

gang the world as it will dearest believe me.





Your blooming soft Beauties first beeted Love's Fire,  
Your Vertue and Wit make it ay flame the higher.  
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,  
Gang the Warld as it will, Dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

Then, *Johnny*, I frankly this minute allow ye,  
To think me your Mistress, for Love gars me trow  
ye,  
And gin ye prove fause, to ye'r sell be it said then,  
Ye'll win but sma' Honour to wrang a kind Maiden.  
Reave me, reave me, Heavens! it wad reave me  
Of my Rest Night and Day, if ye deceive me.

JOHNNY.

Bid Icefhogles hammer red Gauds on the Studdy,  
And fair Simmer Mornings nae mair appear ruddy :  
Bid *Britons* think ae gate, and when they obey ye,  
But never till that time, believe I'll betray ye.  
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee ;  
The Starns shall gang witherfhins e'er I deceive thee.





## XXII.

## Katherine Ogie.

**A**S walking forth to view the Plain,  
 Upon a Morning early,  
 While *May's* sweet Scent did chear my Brain,  
 From Flowers which grow so rarely ;  
 I chanc'd to meet a pretty Maid,  
 She shin'd, tho' it was fogie ;  
 I ask'd her Name : sweet Sir, she said,  
 My Name is *Katherine Ogie*.

I stood a while, and did admire,  
 To see a Nymph so stately ;  
 So brisk an Air there did appear  
 In a Country Maid so neatly :  
 Such natural Sweetness she display'd,  
 Like a Lillie in a Bogie ;  
*Diana's* self was ne'er array'd,  
 Like this same *Katherine Ogie*.

Thou Flower of Females, Beauty's Queen,  
 Who sees thee, sure must prize thee ;

Tho'

22  
*Katherine Ogie*

As walking forth to view the Plain, upon a

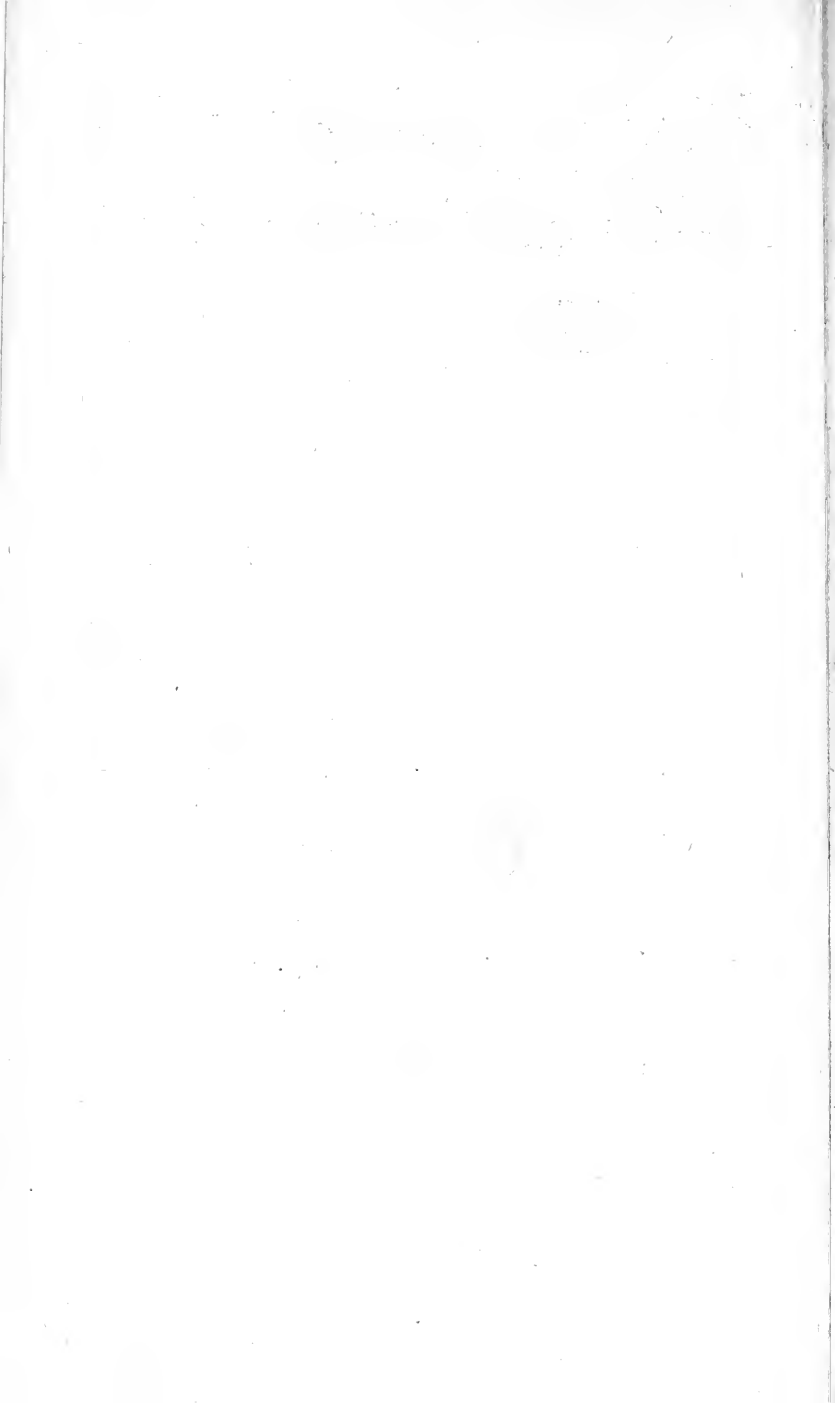
morning Early, while *May's* sweet scent did

cheer my Brain from Flow'rs which grow so rarely:

I chanc'd to meet a pretty Maid, she shind tho'

it was Fogie, I ask'd her Name: sweet Sir, she

said, My Name is *Katherine Ogie*.



Tho' thou art drest in Robes but mean,  
Yet these cannot disguise thee :  
Thy handsome Air, and graceful Look,  
Far excels any clownish Rogie ;  
Thou art Match for Lord, or Duke,  
My charming *Katherine Ogie*.

O were I but some Shepherd-Swain !  
To feed my Flock beside thee,  
At Boughting-time to leave the Plain,  
In milking to abide thee ;  
I'd think myself a happier Man,  
With *Kate*, my Club, and Dogie,  
Than he that hugs his Thousands ten,  
Had I but *Katherine Ogie*.

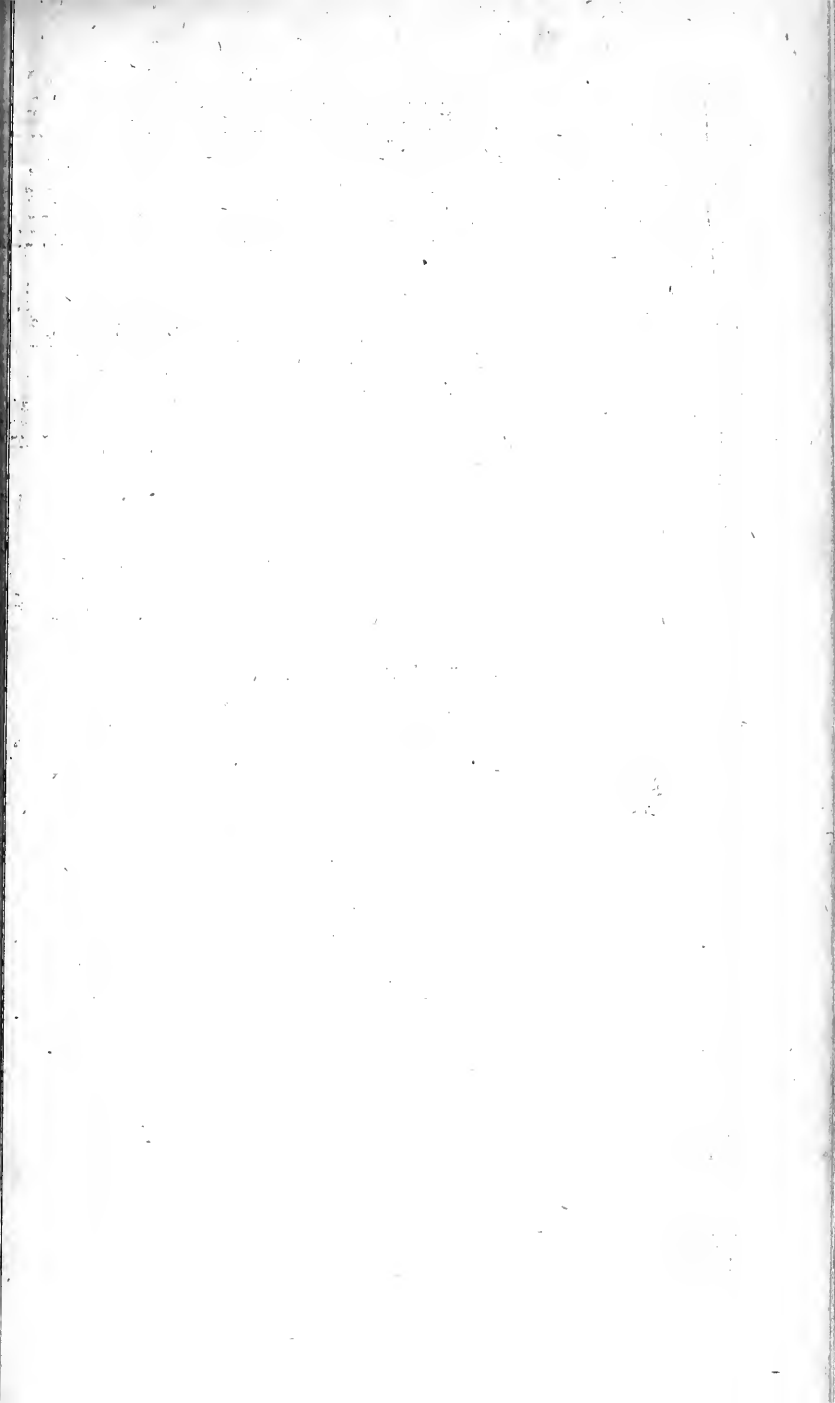
Then I'd despise th' Imperial Throne,  
And Statesmens dangerous Stations :  
I'd be no King, I'd wear no Crown,  
I'd smile at conquering Nations :  
Might I carefs and still possess  
This Lads, of whom I'm vogie ;  
For these are Toys and still look less,  
Compar'd with *Katherine Ogie*.

But I fear the Gods have not decreed  
For me so fine a Creature,

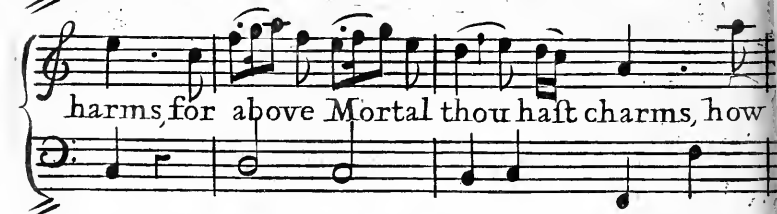
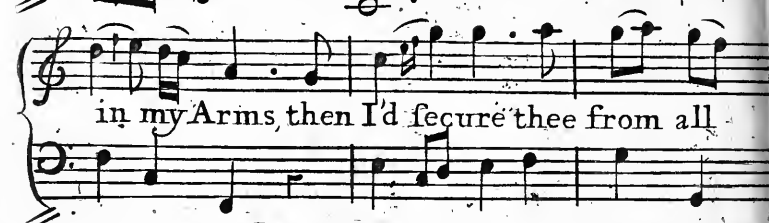
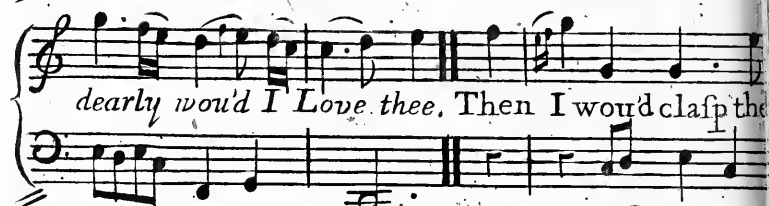
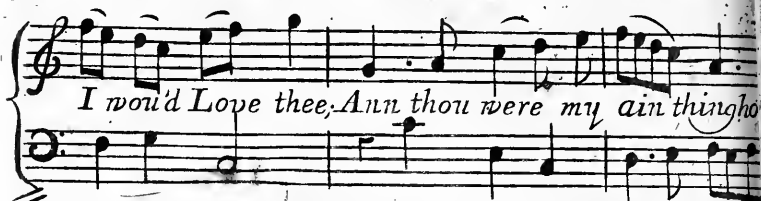
Whose

Whose Beauty rare makes her exceed  
All other Works in Nature.  
Clouds of Despair surround my Love,  
That are both dark and fogie:  
Pity my Case, ye Powers above,  
Else I die for *Katherine Ogie*.





23  
Ann thou were *my* ain thing







## XXIII.

*Ann thou were my ain Thing.*

**A** *N N thou were my ain thing,  
I wou'd lo'e thee, I wou'd lo'e thee,  
Ann thou were my ain Thing,  
How dearly wou'd I lo'e thee !*

I would clasp thee in my Arms,  
I'd secure thee from all Harms ;  
For above Mortal thou hast Charms,  
How dearly do I lo'e thee ?

*Ann thou were, &c.*

Of Race divine thou needs must be,  
Since nothing earthly equals thee ;  
So I must still presumptuous be,  
To show how much I lo'e thee.

*Ann thou were, &c.*

The Gods one Thing peculiar have,  
To ruin none whom they can save ;

O! for their sake support a Slave,  
Who only lives to lo'e thee.

*Ann thou were, &c.*

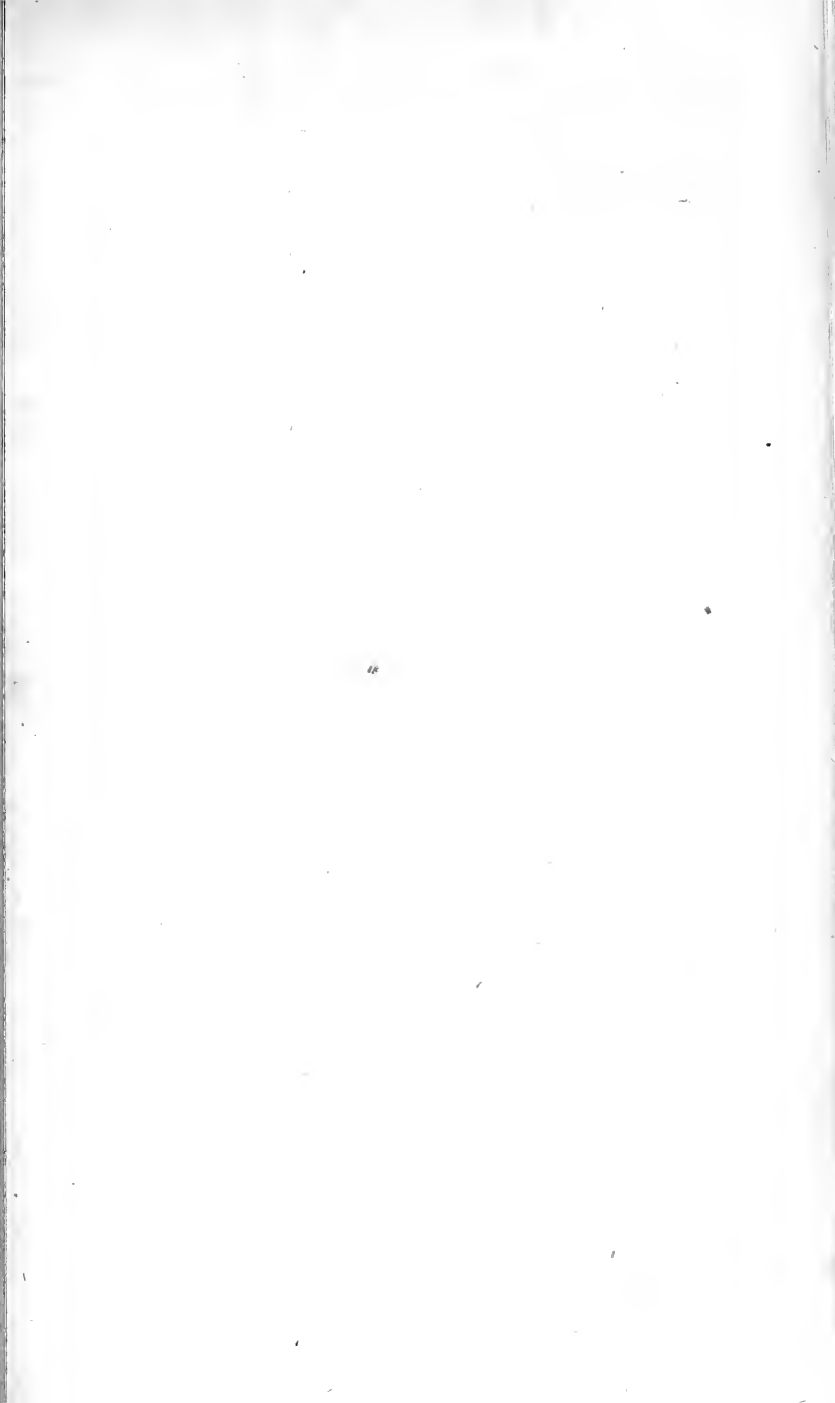
To Merit I no Claim can make,  
But that I lo'e, and for your sake,  
What Man can name, I'll undertake,  
So dearly do I lo'e thee.

*Ann thou were, &c.*

My Passion, constant as the Sun,  
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,  
Till Fates my Thread of Life have spun,  
Which breathing out, I'll lo'e thee.

*Ann thou were, &c.*





Polwart on the Green <sup>24</sup>

At Polwart on the Green, if you'll meet

The first system of the song features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A-B, quarter notes C-D, and a half note E. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with a half note G, quarter notes A-B, and a half note C.

me the Morn, where Lasses doe convey = ne, to

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a half note G, quarter notes A-B, eighth notes C-D, and a half note E. The bass staff has a half note G, quarter notes A-B, and a half note C.

dance about the Thorn, A kindly welcome

The third system includes a repeat sign in the treble staff. The melody in the treble staff has a half note G, quarter notes A-B, eighth notes C-D, and a half note E. The bass staff has a half note G, quarter notes A-B, and a half note C.

you shall meet frae her wha likes to view, A

The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a half note G, quarter notes A-B, eighth notes C-D, and a half note E. The bass staff has a half note G, quarter notes A-B, and a half note C.

Lover and a Lad compleat, the Lad and Lover

The fifth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a half note G, quarter notes A-B, eighth notes C-D, and a half note E. The bass staff has a half note G, quarter notes A-B, and a half note C.

you.

The sixth system concludes the song with a repeat sign in the treble staff. The melody in the treble staff has a half note G, quarter notes A-B, eighth notes C-D, and a half note E. The bass staff has a half note G, quarter notes A-B, and a half note C.



## XXIV.

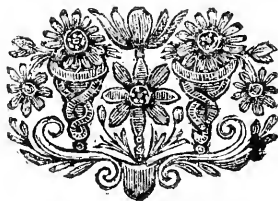
*Polwart on the Green.*

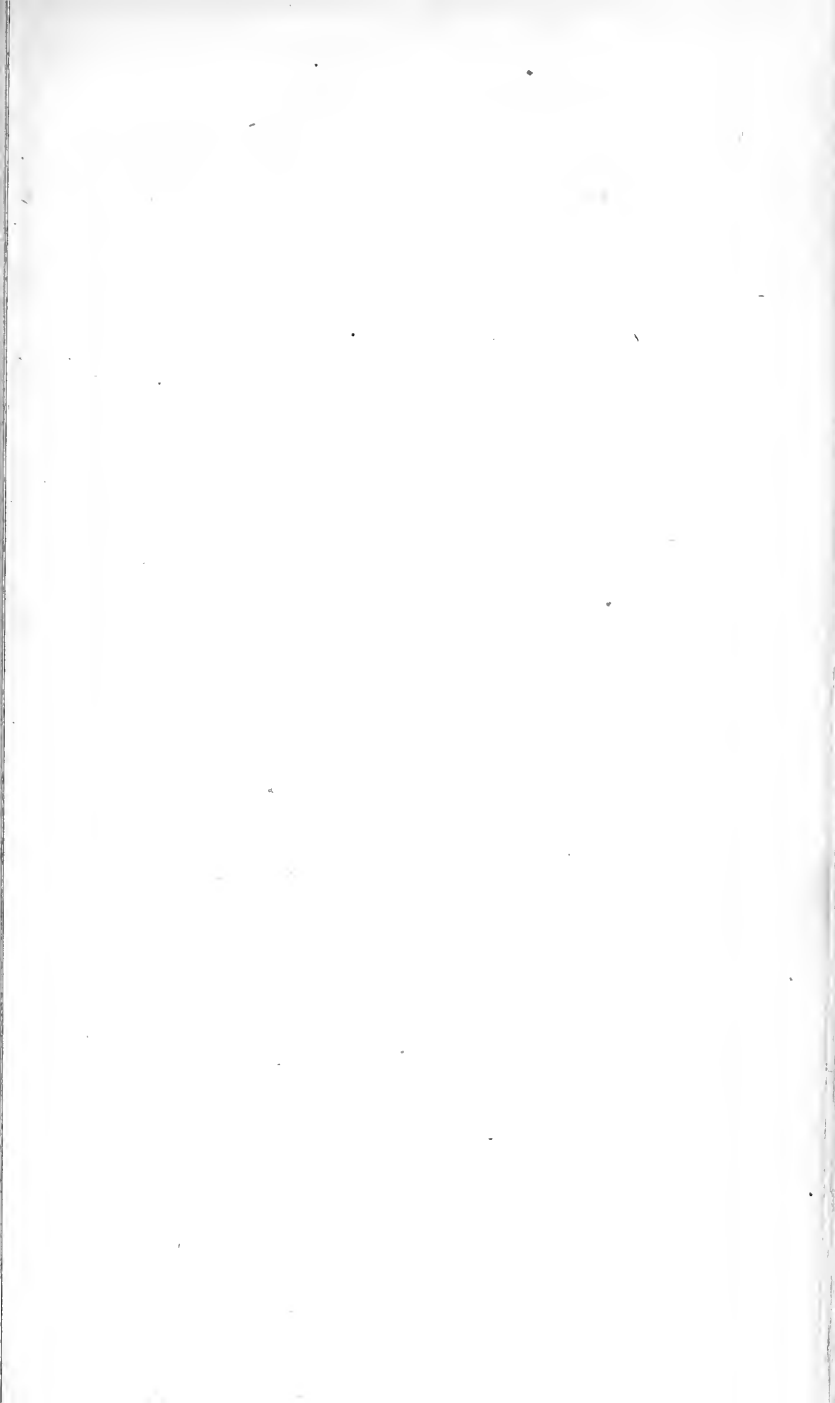
**A** *T Polwart on the Green,  
If you'll meet me the Morn,  
Where Lasses do convene,  
To dance about the Thorn;  
A kindly Welcome you shall meet  
Frac her wha likes to view  
A Lover and a Lad complete,  
The Lad and Lover you.*

*Let dorty Dames fay na,  
As lang as e'er they please,  
Seem caulder than the Sna',  
While inwardly they bleez ;  
But I will frankly shaw my Mind,  
And yield my Heart to thee ;  
Be ever to the Captive kind,  
That langs na to be free.*

*At Polwart on the Green,  
Amang the new-mawn Hay,*

With Sangs and Dancing keen,  
We'll pass the heartsome Day.  
*At Night, if Beds be o'erthrang laid,*  
*And thou be twin'd of thine,*  
*Thou shalt be welcome, my dear Lad,*  
*To take a Part of mine.*





*A Health to* <sup>25</sup>*Betty*

O let us swim in Blood of Grapes, the

The first system of the musical score is written on two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 8/8. It contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a sharp sign (F#) on the fourth measure. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with dotted and eighth-note patterns.

Richest of the Citty, and Solemnize up

The second system continues the melody on two staves. The upper staff features a series of eighth notes and a dotted quarter note. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with similar rhythmic patterns.

on our Knees, A health to noble *Betty*.

The third system concludes the piece on two staves. The upper staff ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The lower staff also concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.





## XXV.

*A Health to BETTY.*

**O** *Let us swim in Blood of Grapes,  
The richest of the City,  
And solemnize upon our Knees,  
A Health to noble Betty.*

The Muses with the Milk of Queens,  
Have fed this comely Creature,  
That she's become a princely Dame,  
A Miracle of Nature.  
*O let us, &c.*

The Graces all both great and small,  
Were not by half so pretty;  
The Queen of Love that reigns above,  
Cou'd not compare with *Betty*.  
*O let us, &c.*

Had *David* seen this lovely one,  
No Sin he had committed,  
He had not lain with *Bath-sheba*,  
Nor slain the valiant *Hittite*.  
*O let us, &c.*

Had *Solomon*, Heav'n's Minion,  
View'd her Perfections over,  
Then *Sheba's* Queen rejected had been,  
Tho' clad with Gold of Ophir.  
*O let us, &c.*

The Dons of *Spain* cou'd they obtain,  
This Magazine of Pleasure ;  
They'd never go to *Mexico*,  
For all its *Indian* Treasure.  
*O let us, &c.*

The Christian King wou'd dance and sing,  
To have her at his pleasure,  
And wou'd confine great *Mazarine*,  
Within the Banks of *Tiber*.  
*O let us, &c.*

The *Turk*, for all his great Empire,  
Wou'd prostrate him before her,  
And wou'd lay down his Golden Crown,  
A Goddess like adore her.  
*O let us, &c.*

Her Eyes are full of Majesty,  
None but a Prince can own her,

She's

She's fitted for an Emperor,  
A Diadem must crown her.

*O let us swim in Blood of Grapes,  
The richest of the City,  
And solemnize upon our Knees,  
A Health to noble Betty.*





## XXVI.

*The Cock-Laird.*

**A** Cock-Laird fu' Cadgie with *Jenny* did meet  
 He ha'ft her and kifs'd her and ca'd her his  
 Sweet,

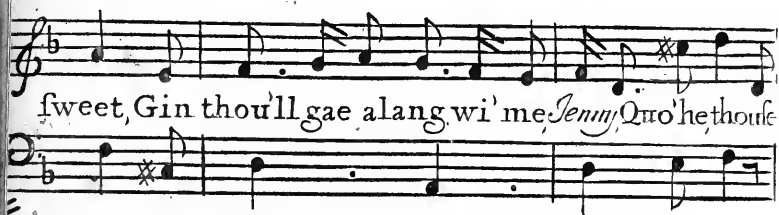
Gin thou'll gae along wi' me, *Jenny*, quo' he,  
 Thou's be mine ain lamen Jo, *Jenny, Jenny.*

Gin I gae along with you ye ma' na fail,  
 To feed me with Croudie and good hakit Kail;  
 What needs a' this Vanity, *Jenny*, quo' he,  
 Is not Banocks and dribly Berds good Meat for thee

Gin I gae along with you I man' ha'e a silk Hood  
 A Kirtle Sark wylie Coat, and a silk Snood,  
 To tye up my Hair in a Cockernonie;  
 Hout away thou's gane wood I trow, *Jenny*, quo' he

Gin you wa'd ha'e me look bonny, and shine lik  
 the Moon,  
 I man' ha'e Katlets and Patlets, and Camerel-heel  
 Shoon,

# The Cock Laird<sup>26.</sup>



## For the German Flute





And Craig-cloths, and Lugg-babs, and Rings twa  
or three ;

Hout the Deel's in your Vanity, *Jenny*, quo' he.

Sometimes I am troubled with Gripes in my Wemb,  
Gin I get nae Stouries, I shall my sel' shame ;  
I'll rift at the Rurple and gar the Wind flee.

Deel stap a Cork in your Doup, *Jenny*, quo' he.

Gin that be the Care you take, ye may gae loup,  
For sick'na silly Hurtcheon shall ne'er skelp my Doup;  
Hout away, gae be hang'd, lousie Laidie, quo' she :  
Deel scoup o' your Company, *Jenny*, quo' he,





## XXVII.

*Muirland Willie.*

**H**Arken, and I will tell you how  
 Young Muirland *Willie* came to woo.  
 Tho' he could neither say nor do ;

The Truth I tell to you.

But ay he cries, whate'er betide,  
*Maggy* I'll ha'e her to be my Bride,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

On his gray Yada he did ride,  
 With Durk and Pistol by his side,  
 He prick'd her on wi' meikle Pride,  
 Wi' meikle Mirth and Glee.

Out o'er yon Moss, out o'er yon Muir,  
 Till he came to her Dady's Door,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,  
 I'm come your Doghter's Love to win,  
 I care no for making meikle Din ;  
 What Answer gi' ye me ?



27  
Muirland Willie

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and ends with a quarter note G. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes.

Harken and I will tell you how young Muirland

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a series of eighth notes: G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

Willie came to woo, tho' he could neither say nor

The third system includes a double bar line in the middle of the treble staff. The melody resumes with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

do, the truth I tell to you. But ay he cries, what

The fourth system continues the melody. The treble staff has a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and ends with a quarter note G.

e'er betide, *Maggie* I fe ha' her to be my Bride w.<sup>th</sup> a

The fifth system features a more complex melody in the treble staff with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

fa' de dal dal dal dal de ral dal la' la ral la'

The sixth system concludes the piece. The treble staff has a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and ends with a quarter note G. The bass staff has a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and ends with a quarter note G.

la dal dal dal



Now, Woer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,  
I'll gie ye my Doghter's Love to win.

*With a fal, dal, &c.*

Now, Woer, sin ye are lighted down,  
Where do ye win, or in what Town ;  
I think my Doghter winna gloom

On sick a Lad as ye.

The Woer he step'd up the House,  
And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,

*With a fal, dal, &c.*

I have three Owfen in a Plough,  
Twa good ga'en Yads, and Gear enough,  
The Place they ca' it *Cadeneugh* :

I scorn to tell a Lye :

Besides, I had frae the great Laird,  
A Peat-pat and a lang Kail-yard.

*With a fal, &c.*

The Maid pat on her Kirtle brown,  
She was the brawest in a' the Town ;  
I wat on him she did na gloom,

But blinkit bonnilie.

The Lover he stended up in haste,  
And gript her hard about the Waiste,

*With a fal, &c.*

To win your Love, Maid, I'm come here,  
I'm young, and ha'e enough o' Gear ;  
And for my sell ye need na fear,

Troth try me whan ye like.

He took aff his Bonnet and spat in his Chew,  
He dighted his Gab, and he pri'd her Mou'.  
*With a fal, &c.*

The Maiden blusht and bing'd fu' law,  
She had na Will to say him na,  
But to her Dady she left it a',

As they twa cou'd agree.

The Lover he ga'e her the tither Kifs,  
Syne ran to her Dady, and tell'd him this.  
*With a fal, &c.*

Your Doghter wad na say me na,  
But to your sell she has left it a',  
As we cou'd gree between us twa ;

Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her ?

Now, Woer, quo' he, I ha'e na Meikle,  
But sick's I ha'e ye's get a Pickle.  
*With a fal, &c.*

A Kilnfu' of Corn I'll gi'e to thee,  
Three Soums of Sheep, twa good Milk Ky,  
Ye's ha'e the Wadding-dinner free ;

Troth I dow do na mair.

Content, quo' he, a Bargain be't,  
I'm far frae hame, make haste let's do't.

*With a fal, &c.*

The bridal Day it came to pass,  
Wi' mony a blythsome Lad and Lass ;  
But sicken a Day there never was,  
Sic Mirth was never seen.

This winsome couple straked Hands,  
Mefs *John* ty'd up the Marriage Bands.

*With a fal, &c.*

And our Bride's Maidens were na few,  
Wi' Tap-knots, Lug-knots, a' in blew,  
Frac Tap to Tac they were braw new,  
And blinkit bonnilie.

Their Toys and Mutches were fac clean,  
They glanced in our Ladses Een,

*With a fal, &c.*

Sick Hirdum, Dirdum, and sic Din,  
Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him ;  
The Minstrels they did never blin,  
Wi' meikle Mirth and Glee.

And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,  
And ay their Wames together met.

*With a fal, &c.*



## XXVIII.

*Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.*

**G** I N ye meet a bonny Lassie,  
 Gi'e her a Kiss, and let her gae ;  
 But if ye meet a dirty Hussy,  
 Fy gar rub her o'er with Strae.

Be sure ye dinna quat the Grip  
 Of ilka Joy, when ye are young,  
 Before auld Age your Vitals nip,  
 And lay ye twafald o'er a Rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome Time ;  
 Then, Lads and Lasses, while 'tis *May*,  
 Gae pu the Gowan in its prime,  
 Before it wither and decay.

Watch the fast Minutes of Delyte,  
 When *Jenny* speaks beneath her Breath,  
 And kisses, laying a' the Wyte  
 On you, if she kepp ony Syaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, she'll smiling say,  
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy Rook ;

Syne

28

*Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae*

Gin ye meet a bonny Lafsie, Gi'e her a

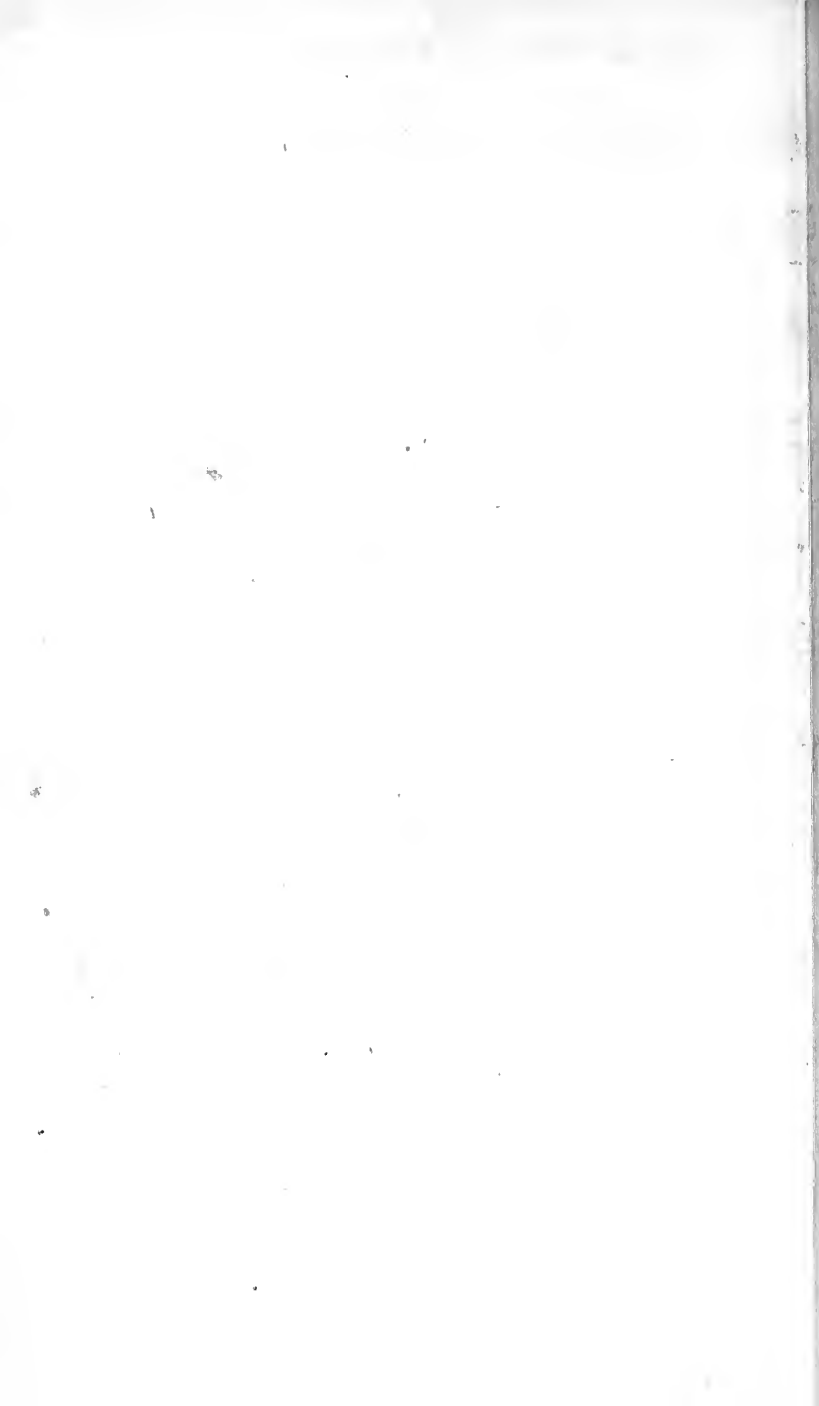
Kiss and lethergae, but if ye meet a dirty Hussy,

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae. Be sure ye dinna

quat the Gripe of Ilk a Joy, when ye ar young be

fore auld age your Vitals nip, and lay ye twa fold

o'er a Rung.





Syne frae your Arms she'll rin away,  
And hide herself in some dark Nook.

Her Laugh will lead you to the Place,  
Where lies the Happiness ye want,  
And plainly tell you to your Face,  
Nineteen na-says are haff a Grant.

Now to her heaving Bosom cling,  
And sweetly toolie for a Kiss :  
Frac her fair Finger whoop a Ring,  
As Taiken of a future Bliss.

These Bennifons, I'm very sure,  
Are of the Gods indulgent Grant :  
Then, surly Carles, whisht, forbear  
To plague us with your winning Cant.





## XXIX.

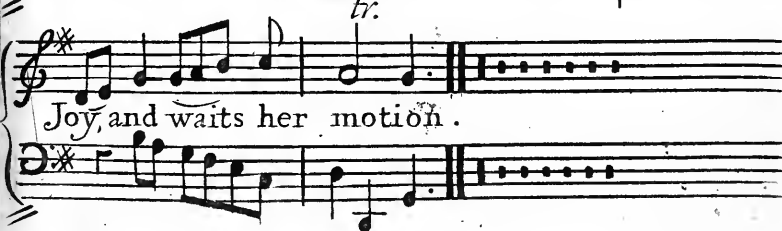
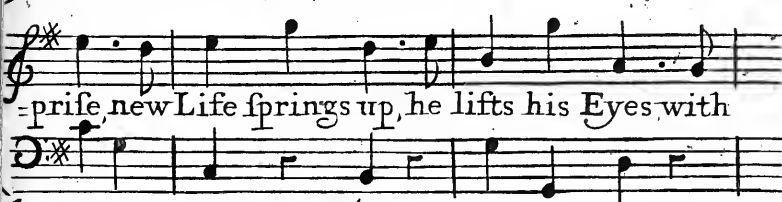
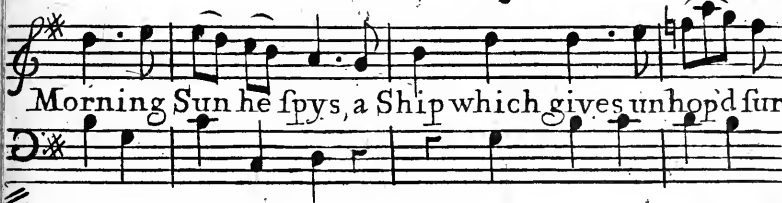
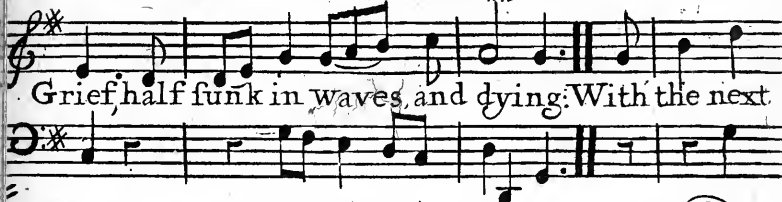
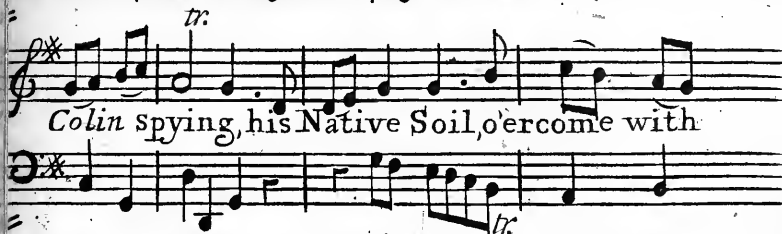
*Peggy, I must love thee.*

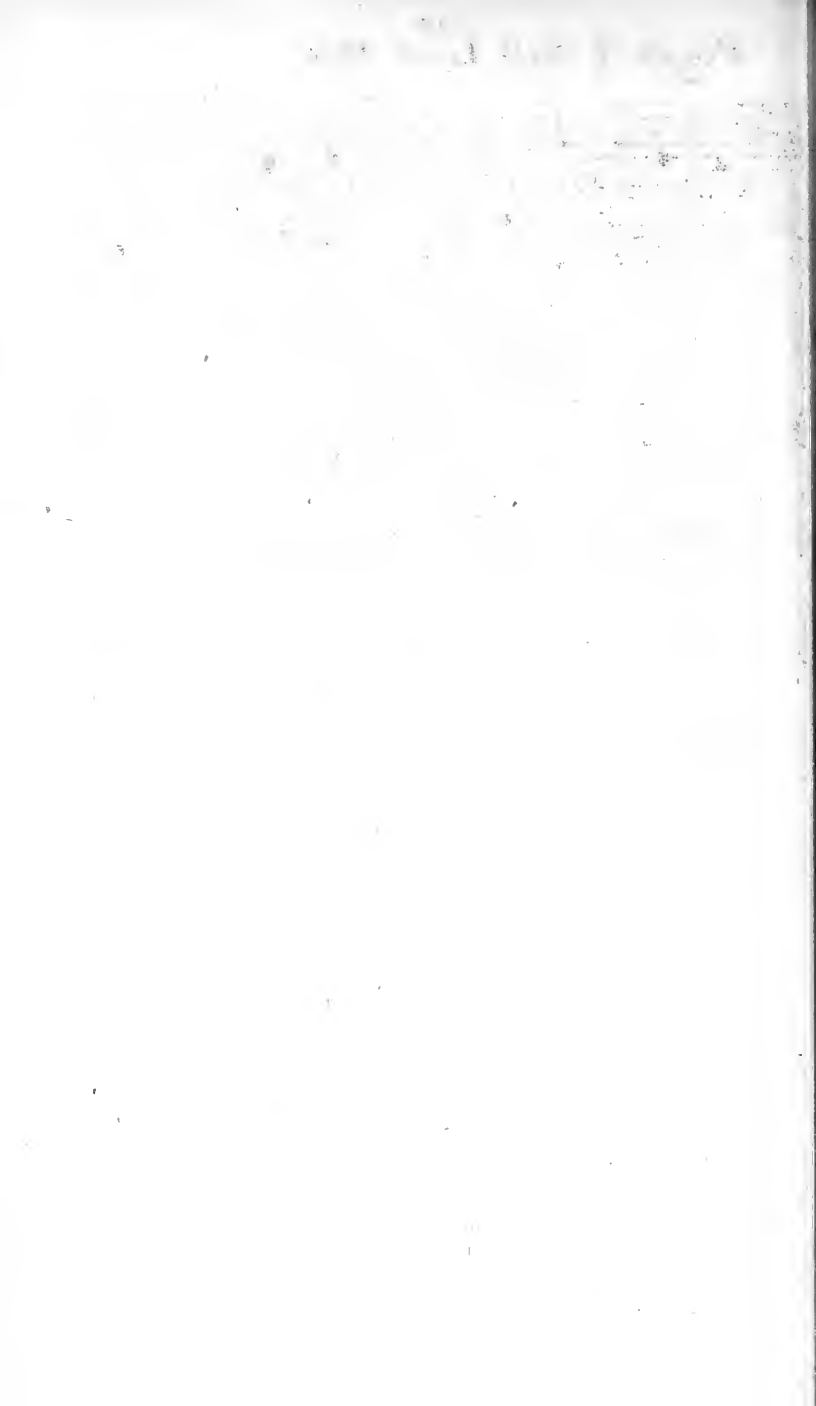
**A**S from a Rock past all Relief,  
 The shipwrackt *Colin* spying  
 His Native Soil, o'ercome with Grief,  
 Half sunk in Waves, and dying :  
 With the next Morning Sun he spies  
 A Ship, which gives unhop'd Surprise ;  
 New Life springs up, he lifts his Eyes  
 With Joy, and waits her Motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,  
 I scorn'd was, and deserted,  
 Low with Despair my Spirits mov'd,  
 To be for ever parted :  
 Thus droopt I, till diviner Grace  
 I found in *Peggy's* Mind and Face ;  
 Ingratitude appear'd then base,  
 But Vertue more engaging.

Then now since happily I've hit,  
 I'll have no more delaying ;  
 Let Beauty yield to manly Wit,  
 We lose ourselves in staying :

29  
Peggy I must Love thee





I'll haste dull Courtship to a Close,  
Since Marriage can my Fears oppose ;  
Why should we happy Minutes lose,  
Since, *Peggy*, I must love thee?

Men may be foolish, if they please,  
And deem't a Lover's Duty,  
To sigh, and sacrifice their Ease,  
Doating on a proud Beauty :  
Such was my Case for many a Year,  
Still Hope succeeding to my Fear,  
False *Betty's* Charms now disappear,  
Since *Peggy's* far outshine them.





## XXX.

*Auld Rob Morris.*

## MITHER.

**T**Here's auld *Rob Morris* that wins in yon Glen,  
 He's the King of good Fellows, and Wale:  
 of auld Men,  
 Has fourscore of black Sheep, and fourscore too ;  
 Auld *Rob Morris* is the Man ye maun loo.

## DOUGHTER.

Ha'd your tongue, Mither, and let that abee,  
 For his Eild and my Eild can never agree :  
 They'll never agree, and that will be seen !  
 For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

## MITHER.

Ha'd your tongue, Doughter, and lay by your Pride,  
 For he's be the Bridegroom, and ye's be the Bride ;  
 He shall ly by your side, and kifs ye too,  
 Auld *Rob Morris* is the Man ye maun loo.

DOUGH-

## Auld ROB MORRIS

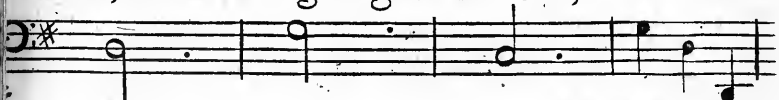
Mither



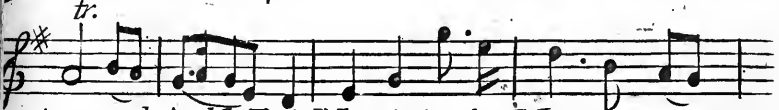
There's Auld Rob Morris that wins in yon



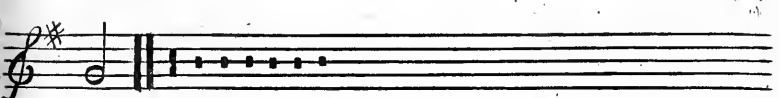
Glen, he's the King of good Fellows, &amp; wale of auld



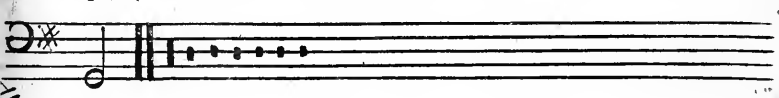
Men, has Fourscore of black Sheep, and Fourscore

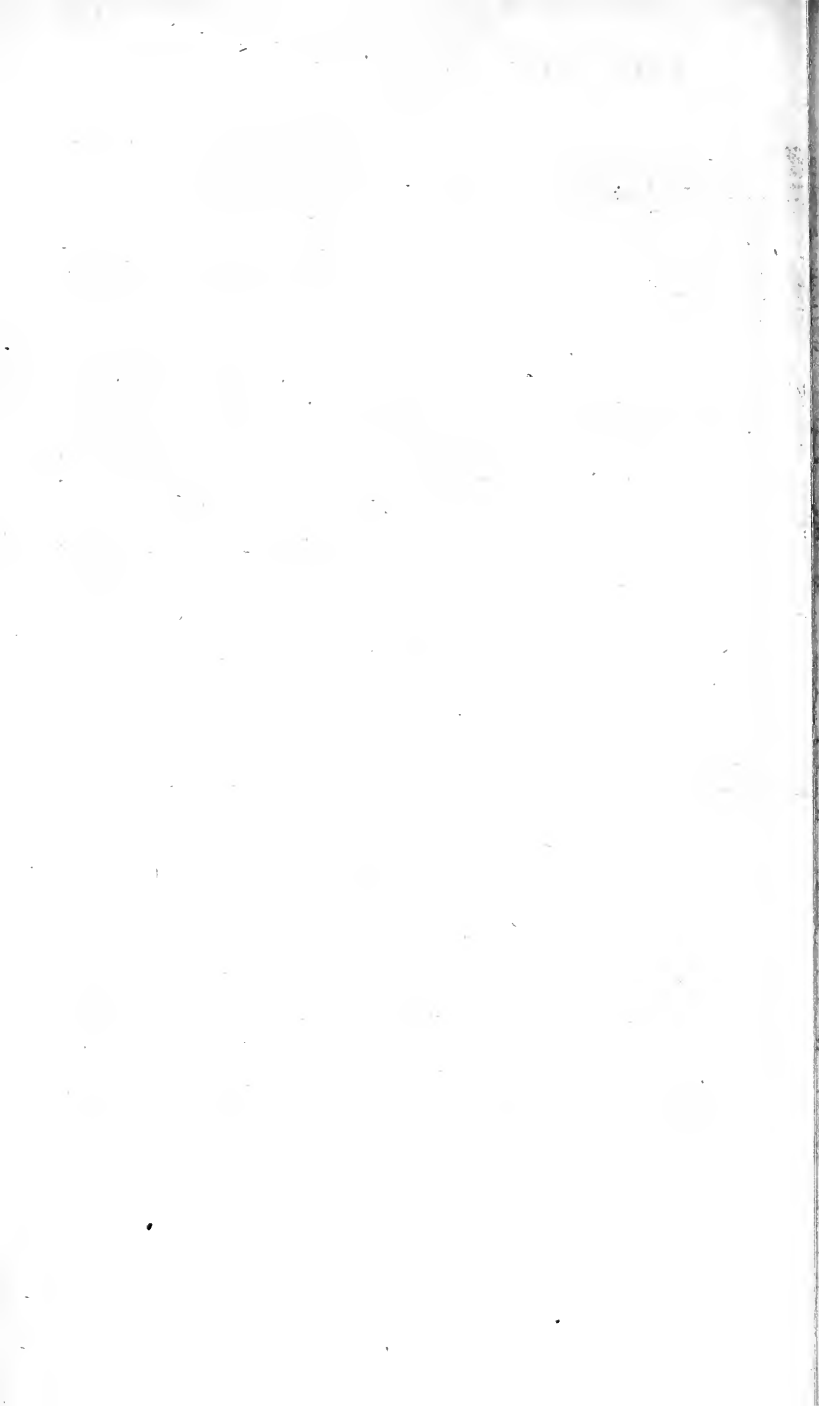


too, and Auld Rob Morris is the Man ye maun



Loo .







## DOUGHTER.

Auld *Rob Morris* I ken him fou weel,  
His A—— it sticks out like ony Peet-creel,  
He's out-shin'd, in-kneed and ringle-ey'd too ;  
Auld *Rob Morris* is the Man I'll ne'er loo.

## MITHER.

Tho' auld *Rob Morris* be an elderly Man,  
Yet his auld Bräs it will buy a new Pan ;  
Then, Doughter, ye shoud na be sae ill to shoo,  
For auld *Rob Morris* is the Man ye maun loo.

## DOUGHTER.

But auld *Rob Morris* I never will hae,  
His Back is sae stiff, and his Beard is grown gray ;  
I had titter die than live with him a Year ;  
Sae mair of *Rob Morris* I never will hear.





XXX.

*Auld lang syne.*

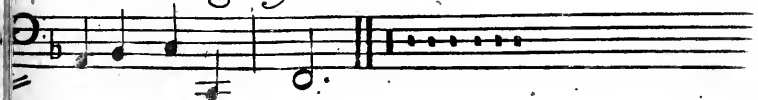
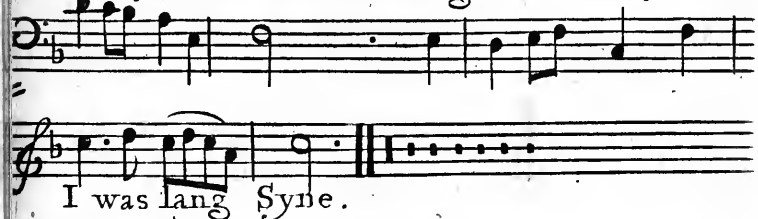
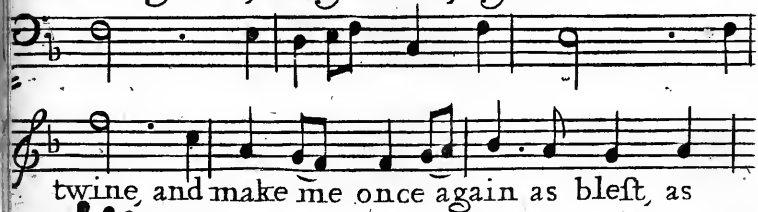
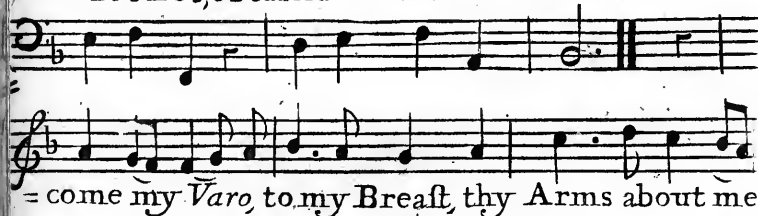
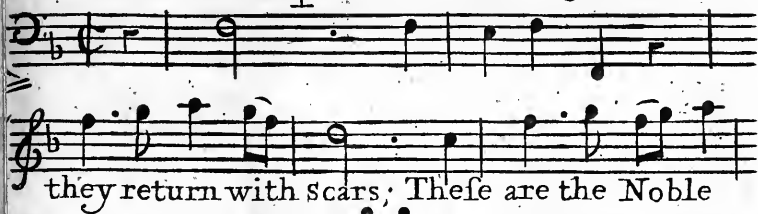
Should auld Acquaintance be forgot,  
 Tho' they return with Scars?  
 These are the noble Hero's Lot,  
     Obtain'd in glorious Wars:  
 Welcome, my VARO, to my Breast,  
     Thy Arms about me twine,  
 And make me once again as blest,  
     As I was lang syne.

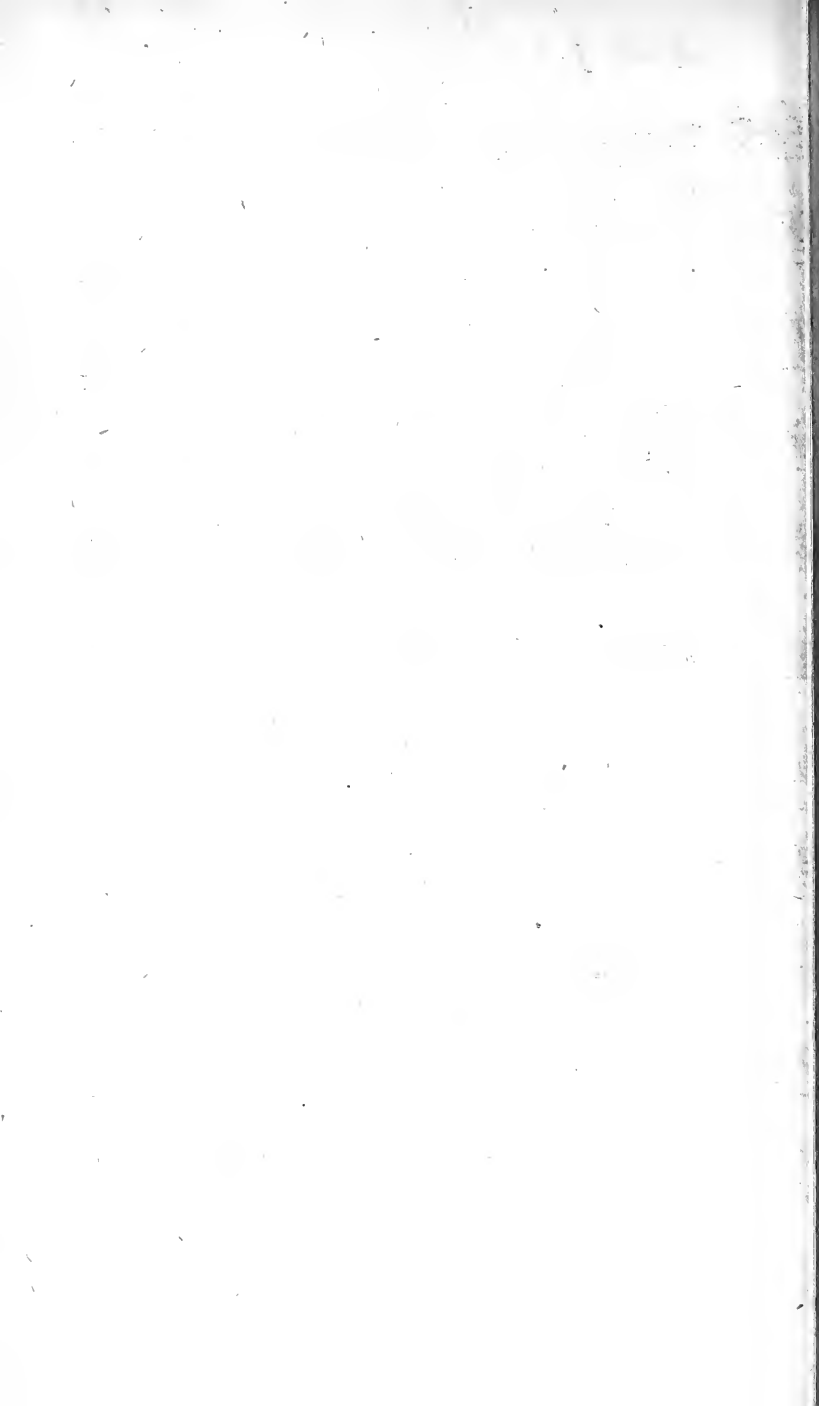
Methinks around us on each Bough,  
     A thousand *Cupids* play,  
 Whilst thro' the Groves I walk with you,  
     Each Object makes me gay:  
 Since your Return the Sun and Moon,  
     With brighter Beams do shine,  
 Streams murmur soft Notes while they run,  
     As they did lang syne.

Despise the Court and Din of State;  
     Let that to their share fall,

Who

*Auld Lang Syne*<sup>31</sup>





Who can esteem ſuch Slav'ry great,  
While bounded like a Ball :  
But ſunk in Love, upon my Arms  
Let your brave Head recline,  
We'll pleaſe ourſelves with mutual Charms,  
As we did lang ſync.

O'er Moor and Dale, with your gay Friend,  
You may purſue the Chafe,  
And, after a blyth Bottle, end  
All Cares in my Embrace :  
And in a vacant rainy Day,  
You ſhall be wholly mine ;  
We'll make the Hours run ſmooth away,  
And laugh at lang ſync.

The Hero, pleas'd with the ſweet Air,  
And Signs of generous Love,  
Which had been utter'd by the Fair,  
Bow'd to the Pow'rs above :  
Next Day, with Conſent and glad Haſte,  
Th' approach'd the ſacred Shrine ;  
Where the good Prieſt the Couple bleſt,  
And put them out of Pine.





## XXXII.

*My Apron, Deary.*

**T**Was forth in a Morning, a Morning of *May*,  
A Soldier and his Mistress were walking  
astray;

And low down by yon Meadow Brow,  
I heard a Lads cry, my Apron now.

O had I ta'en Counsel of Father or Mother,  
Or had I ta'en Counsel of Sister or Brother;  
But I was a young thing, and easy to woo,  
And my Belly bears up my Apron now.

Thy Apron, Deary, I must confess,  
Is something the shorter, tho' nathing the less;  
I never was wi' ye a Night but two,  
And yet ye cry out my Apron now.

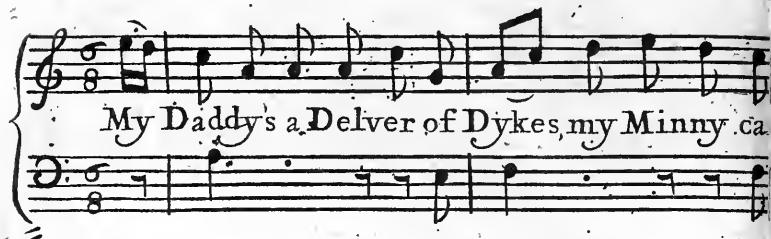
My Apron is made of a Lincum Twine,  
Well set about wi' pearling Syne;  
I think it great Pity, my Babe shou'd tynce,  
And I'll row it in my Apron fine.

My Apron<sup>32</sup> Deary

The musical score is written on six staves, organized into three pairs. Each pair consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The time signature is 3/4. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the treble staves. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing rests. The score concludes with a double bar line and a series of six dotted lines in both the treble and bass staves of the final pair.

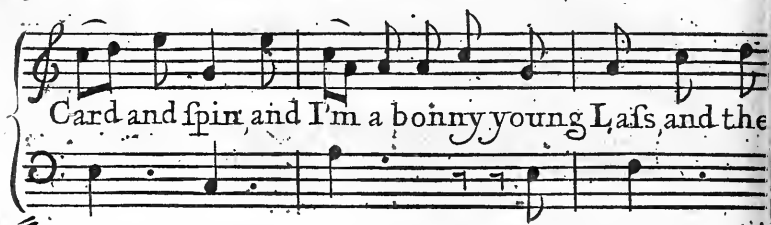
Twas forth in a morning, a morning of  
May, A Soldier and his Miftrefs were walking a  
ftray, and low down by yon Meadow Brow, I  
heard a Lafs cry, My Ap = ron now .

33  
*My Daddy's a Delver of Dykes*



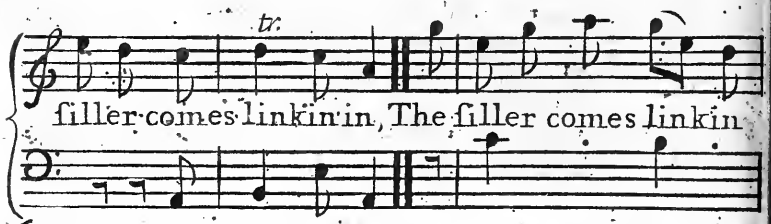
My Daddy's a Delver of Dykes, my Minny ca

The first system of the song features a treble and bass staff in 8/8 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics 'My Daddy's a Delver of Dykes, my Minny ca' are written below the staff.



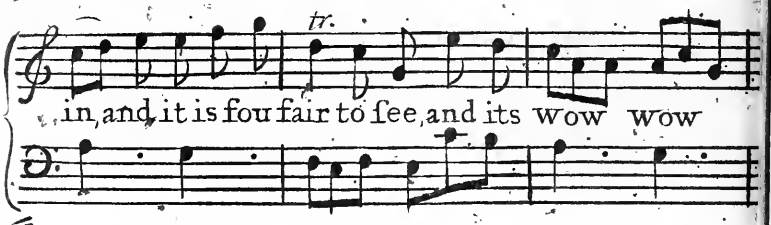
Card and spin and I'm a bonny young Lass, and the

The second system continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics 'Card and spin and I'm a bonny young Lass, and the' are written below the staff.



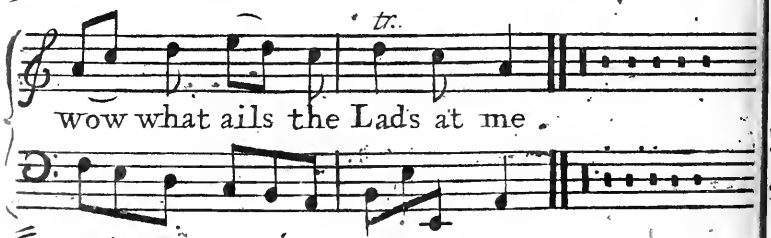
tr.  
filler comes linkin' in, The filler comes linkin

The third system includes a trill (tr.) above the treble staff. The lyrics 'filler comes linkin' in, The filler comes linkin' are written below the staff.



tr.  
in, and it is fou' fair to see, and its wow wow

The fourth system includes a trill (tr.) above the treble staff. The lyrics 'in, and it is fou' fair to see, and its wow wow' are written below the staff.



tr.  
wow what ails the Lad's at me

The fifth system includes a trill (tr.) above the treble staff. The lyrics 'wow what ails the Lad's at me' are written below the staff.





## XXXIII.

*My Daddy's a Delver of Dykes.*

**M**Y Daddy's a Delver of Dykes,  
 My Minny can card and spin,  
 And I'm a bonny young Lads,  
 And the Siller comes linkin in.  
 The Siller comes linkin in,  
 And it is fou fair to see,  
 And it's wow, wow, wow,  
 What ails the Lads at me?

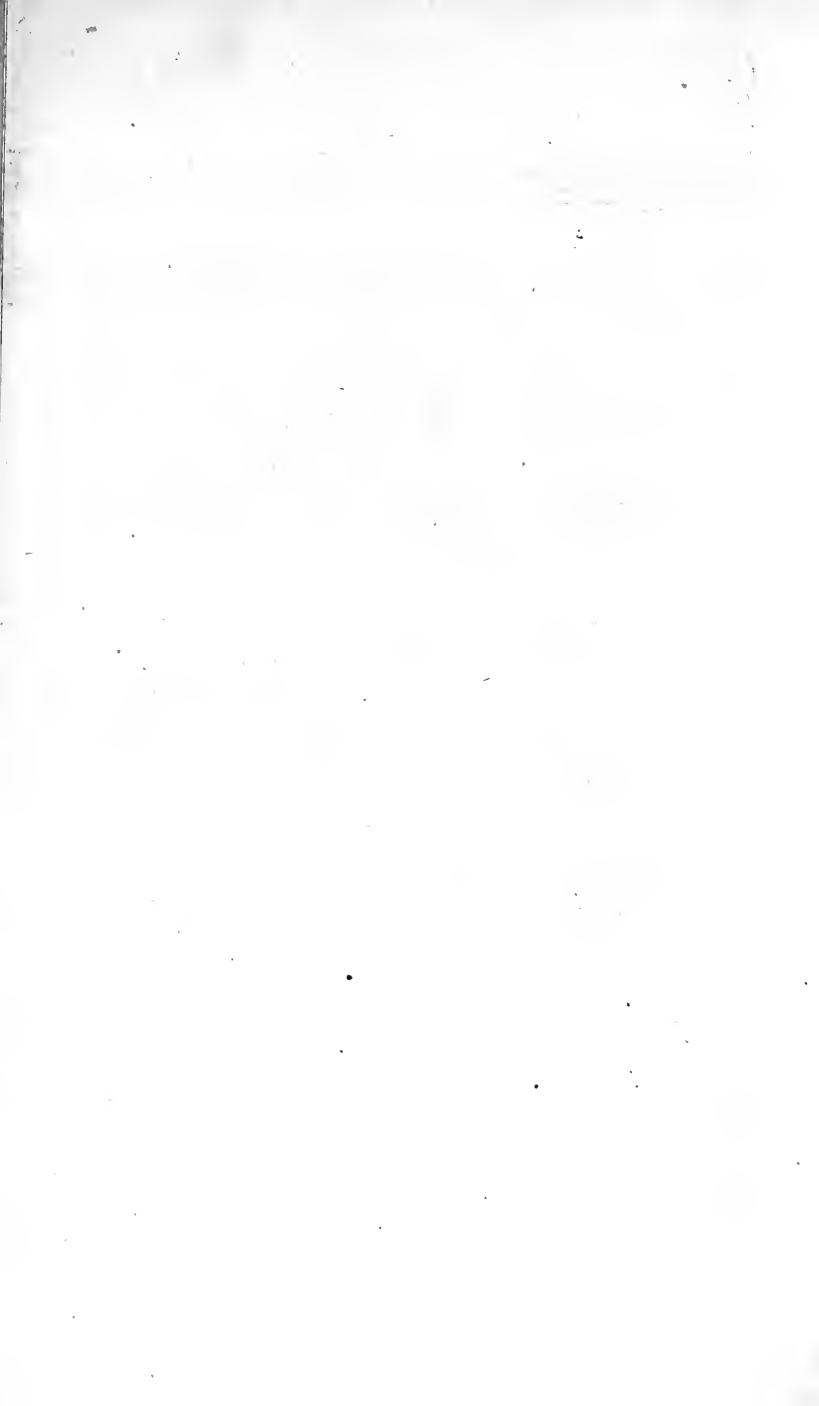
When ever our Bauty does bark,  
 Then fast to the Door I do rin,  
 To see gin ony young Spark  
 Will light and venture in :  
 But ne'er a ane comes in,  
 Tho' mony a ane goes by,  
 Syne Ben the House I rin,  
 And a weary Wight am I.

I had an auld Wife to my Minny,  
 And (wow) gin she kept me lang :

But

But now the Carlin's dead,  
And I'll do what I can,  
And I'll do what I can;  
Wi' my twenty Pound and my Cow;  
But wow it's an unco' thing,  
That na body comes to woe.





*Waly, Waly.* *tr*

O waly, waly, up yon Bank, and waly, waly,

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Waly, Waly'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics 'O waly, waly, up yon Bank, and waly, waly,' are written below the staff.

down yon brae, and waly waly yon Burn-side

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'down yon brae, and waly waly yon Burn-side' are written below the staff.

*tr.*  
where my Love and I was wont to gae, and

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'where my Love and I was wont to gae, and' are written below the staff. A trill ornament (*tr.*) is indicated above the final note of the melody.

waly waly yon Burn-side, where my

The fourth system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'waly waly yon Burn-side, where my' are written below the staff.

Love and I was wont to gae.

The fifth system of musical notation. It concludes the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'Love and I was wont to gae.' are written below the staff. The melody ends with a double bar line and a series of dots, indicating a final cadence.



## XXXIV.

*Waly, Waly.*

O Waly, Waly, up yon Bank,  
And Waly, Waly, down yon Brea ;  
And Waly by yon River's side,  
Where my Love and I was wont to gae.

Waly, Waly, gin Love be bonny,  
A little while when it is new ;  
But when it's auld, it waxes cauld,  
And wears away, like Morning Dew.

I leant my Back unto an Aik,  
I thought it was a trusty Tree ;  
But first it bow'd, and fine it brake,  
And sae did my fause Love to me.

When Cockle-shells turn filler Bells,  
And Muscles grow on ev'ry Tree ;  
When Frost and Snaw shall warm us a',  
Then shall my Love prove true to me.

Now

Now *Arthur-Seat* shall be my Bed,  
The Sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me;  
Saint *Anton's* Well shall be my Drink,  
Since my true Love has forsaken me.

O *Martinmas* Wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
And shake the green Leaves off the Tree?  
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come?  
And take a Life that wearies me.

'Tis not the Frost that freezes fell,  
Nor blawing Snaw's Inclemency;  
'Tis not sic Cauld that makes me cry,  
But my Love's Heart grown cauld to me.

When we came in by *Glasgow* Town,  
We were a comely Sight to see;  
My Love was cled in the black Velvet,  
And I my sell in Cramasie.

But had I wist before I kifs'd,  
That Love had been sae ill to win;  
I'd lock'd my Heart in a Case of Gold,  
And pin'd it with a silver Pin.

Oh,

Oh, oh! if my young Babe were born,  
And set upon the Nurse's Knee,  
And I my fell were dead and gane,  
For a Maid again I'll never be.





## XXXV.

John Hay's *bonny Lassie*.

**B**Y smooth winding *Tay* a Swain was reclining,  
Aft cry'd he, Oh-hey! maun I still live  
pining

My fell thus away, and darna discover  
To my bonny *Hay*, that I am her Lover?

Nae mair it will hide, the Flame waxes stranger;  
If she's not my Bride, my Days are nae langer:  
Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,  
May be, e'er we part, my Vows may content her.

She's fresh as the Spring, and sweet as *Aurora*,  
When Birds mount and sing, bidding Day a Good-  
morrow:

The Sward of the Mead, enamel'd with Daiesies,  
Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her Graces.

But if she appear where Verdures invite her,  
The Fountains run clear, and Flowers smell the  
sweeter:



35  
*John Hays* Bonny Lalsie

By smooth winding Tay A swain was reclining, aft

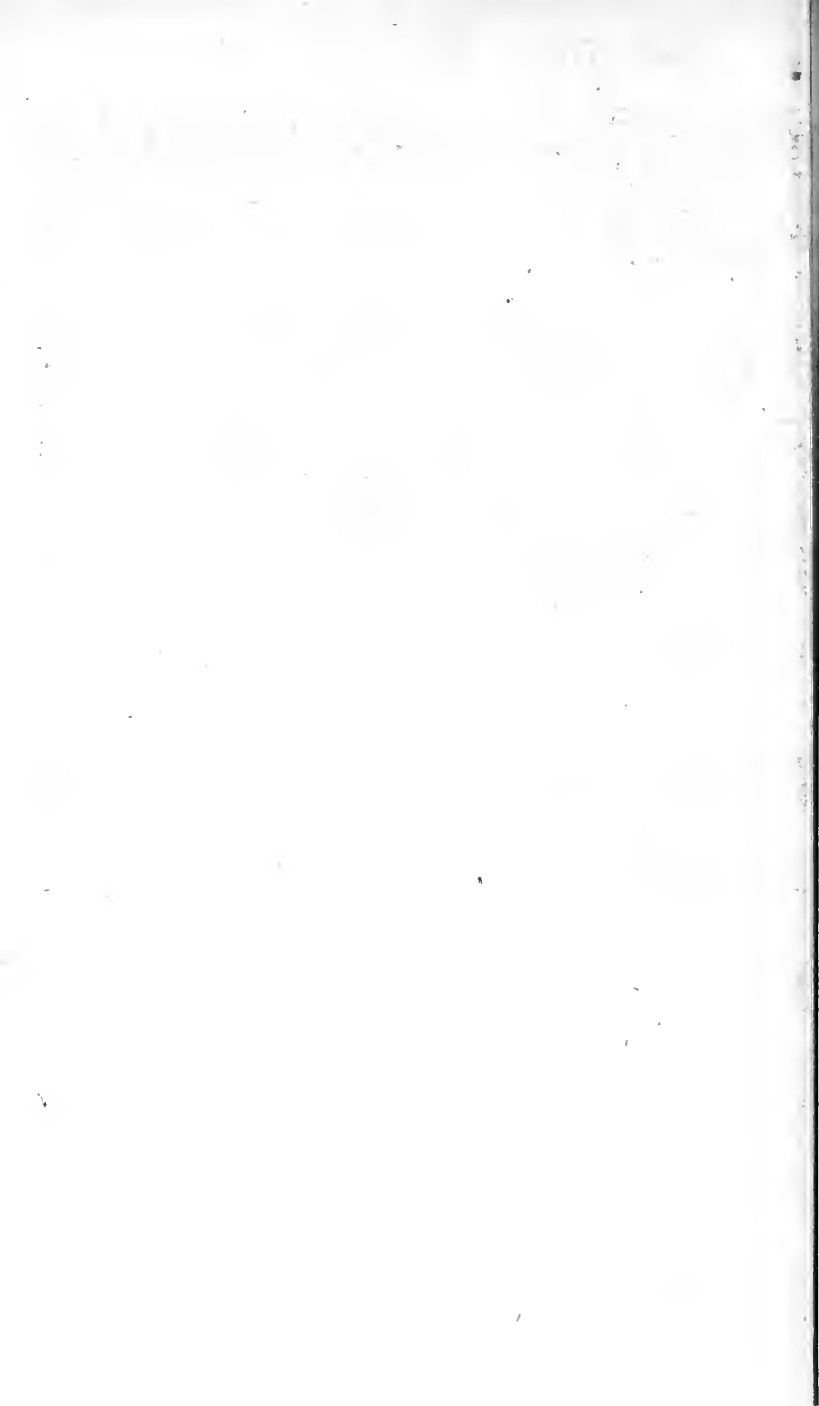
cry'd he, oh hey! maun I still live pining, my fell thus a

way, and darna discover to my bony Hay that I am, her Lover

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxe's stranger, if she's not my

Bride, my Days are nae langer, then I'll take a heart, and

try at a venture, may be'er we part, my vows may content her.



'Tis Heaven to be by, when her Wit is a flowing,  
Her Smiles and bright Eye set my Spirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded ;  
Struck dumb with amaze, my Mind is confounded :  
I'm all in a fire, dear Maid, to carefs ye,  
For a' my Desire is *Hay's* bonny Lassie.





## XXXVI.

*The Blythsome Bridal.*

**F**Y let us a' to the Bridal,  
 For there will be liltin' there ;  
 For *Yocky's* to be married to *Maggie*,  
 The Lass wi' the gowden Hair.  
 And there will be Lang-kail and Pottage,  
 And Bannocks of Barley-meal ;  
 And there will be good sawt Herring,  
 To relish a Cog of good Ale.  
*Fy let us a' to the Bridal, &c.*

And there will be *Saney* the Sutor,  
 And *Will* wi' the meikle Mou ;  
 And there will be *Tam* the Blutter,  
 With *Andrew* the Tinkler, I trow ;  
 And there will be bow'd-legged *Robbie*,  
 With thumbless *Katie's* good Man ;  
 And there will be blue-checked *Dowbie*,  
 And *Lawrie* the Laird of the Land.  
*Fy let us, &c.*

And

36  
*The Blythsome Bridal*

Come fy let us a' to the Bridal, for there will be

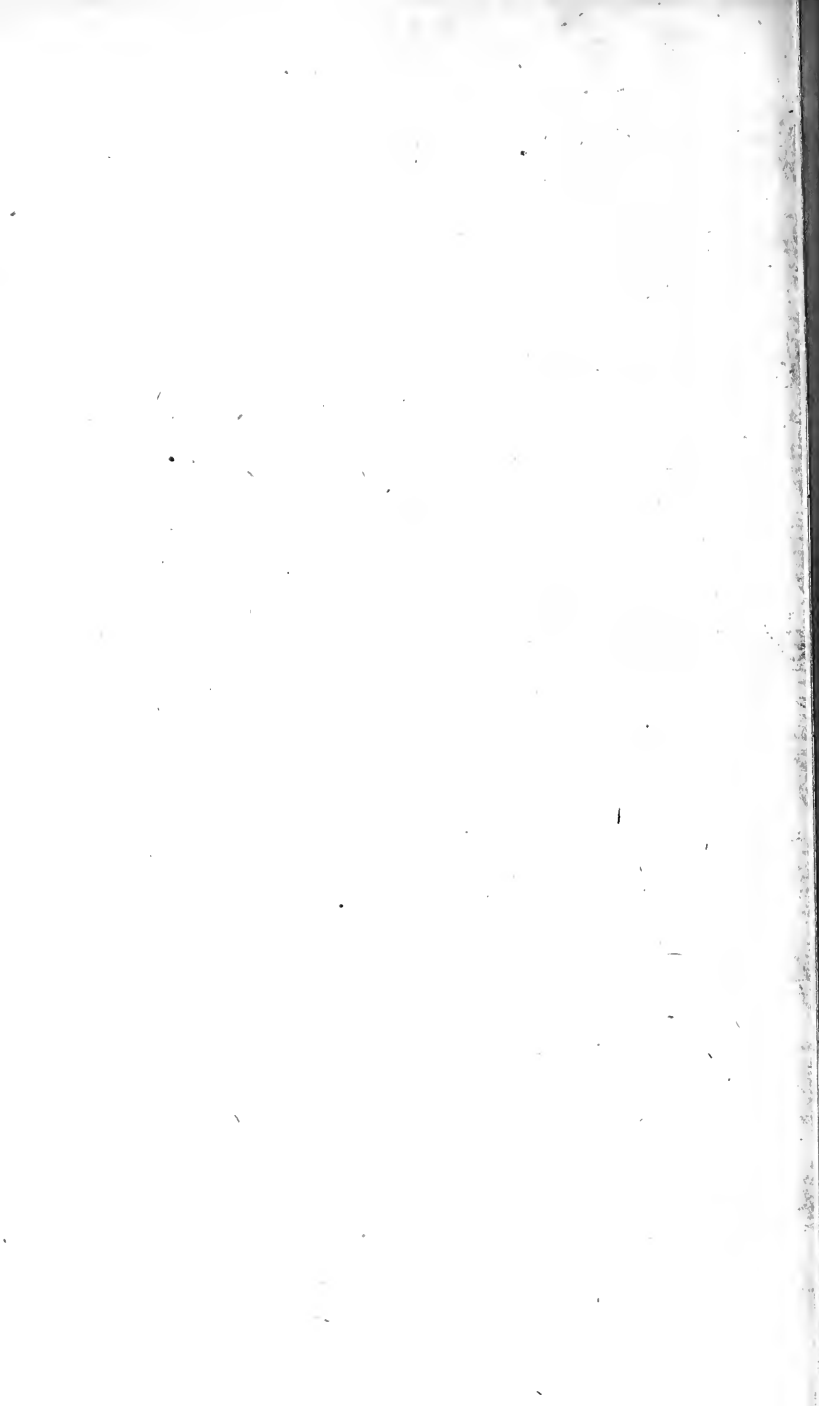
lilting there, for *Jock*'ll be married to *Maggie*, the

Lafs wi' the Gowden Hair, and there will be

Lang-kail and Pottage, and Bannocks of Barley

Meal, and there will be good sawt Herring to relish a

Cog of good Ale.



And there will be Sow-libber *Patie*,  
And plucky-fac'd *Wat* i' the Mill;  
Capper-nos'd *Francie* and *Gibbie*,  
That wins in the How of the Hill;  
And there will be *Alaster Sibbie*,  
Wha in with black *Bessy* did mool,  
With snivelling *Lilly* and *Tibby*,  
The Lafs that stands aft on the Stool.  
*Fy let us, &c.*

And *Madge* that was buckled to *Steenie*,  
And coft him gray Breeks to his Arse,  
Wha after was hangit for stealing,  
Great mercy it happen'd nae warfe:  
And there will be gleed *Geordy Janners*,  
And *Kirsh* with the lilly-white Leg,  
Wha gade to the South for Manners,  
And bang'd up her Wame in *Mons-meg*.  
*Fy let us, &c.*

And there will be *Juden M'lawrie*,  
And blinkin daft *Barbara M'leg*,  
Wi flae lugged sharny fac'd *Lawrie*,  
And shangy mou'd halucket *Meg*.  
And there will be happer-ars'd *Nansy*,  
And fairy-fac'd *Flowerie* by Name;  
Muck *Madie*, and fat hippit *Grisy*,  
The Lafs wi' the gowden Wame.  
*Fy let us, &c.*

And

And there will be *Girn-again-Gibbie*,  
With his glakit Wife *Jenny Bell*,  
And misle-shin'd *Mungo M'apie*,  
The Lad that was Skipper himsel.  
There Lads and Lassies in Pearlings,  
Will feast in the Heart of the Ha',  
On Sybows, and Rifarts, and Carlings,  
That are baith foddan and raw.  
*Fy let us, &c.*

And there will be Fadges and Brachen,  
With fouth of good Gabbocks of Skate,  
Powfowdy, and Drammock, and Crowdy,  
And caller Nowt Feet in a Plate.  
And there will be Partans and Buckies,  
And Whytens and Speldings enew,  
With singed Sheep-heads, and a Haggies,  
And Scadlips to suck till ye spew.  
*Fy let us, &c.*

And there will be lapper'd-milk Kebbucks,  
And Sowens, and Farles, and Baps,  
With Swats, and well scraped Paunches,  
And Brandy in Stoups and in Caps :  
And there will be Meal-kail and Castocks,  
With Skink to sup till ye rive,  
And Roasts to roast on a Brander,  
Of Flowks that were taken alive.  
*Fy let us, &c.*



Scrap Haddocks, Wilks, Dulc and Tangle,  
And a Mill of good Snifhing to prie;  
When weary with eating and drinking,  
We'll rise up and dance till we die.

*Then fy let us a' to the Bridal,  
For there will be liting there,  
For Jocky's to be married to Maggie,  
The Lass wi' the gowden Hair.*





XXXVII.  
*The Toast.*

COME let's ha'e mair Wine in,  
*Bacchus* hates repining,  
*Venus* loos nae dwining,  
 Let's be blyth and free.  
 Away with dull, here t'ye, Sir;  
 Ye're Mistress, *Robie*, gi'es her,  
 We'll drink her Health wi' pleasure,  
 Wha's belov'd by thee.

Then let *Peggy* warm ye,  
 That's a Lass can charm ye,  
 And to Joys alarm ye,  
 Sweet is she to me.  
 Some Angel ye wad ca' her,  
 And never wish ane brawer,  
 If ye bare-headed saw her  
 Kiltet to the Knee.

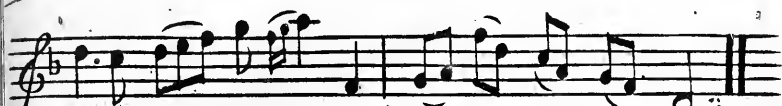
*Peggy*

37  
THE TOAST

*To the Tune of Saw ye my Peggy*



Come let's hae mair wine in, *Bacchus* hates repining



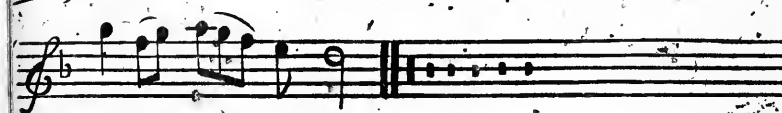
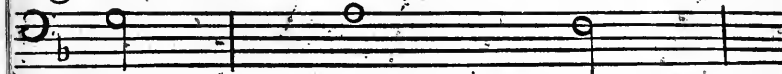
*Venus* Loos nae dwining, Let's be blith and free.



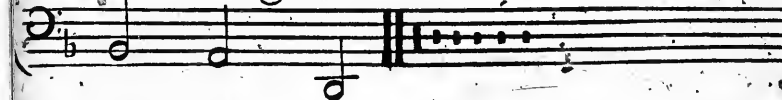
Away with dull, Here tye, Sir, ye're Mifstrefs, *Robie*,

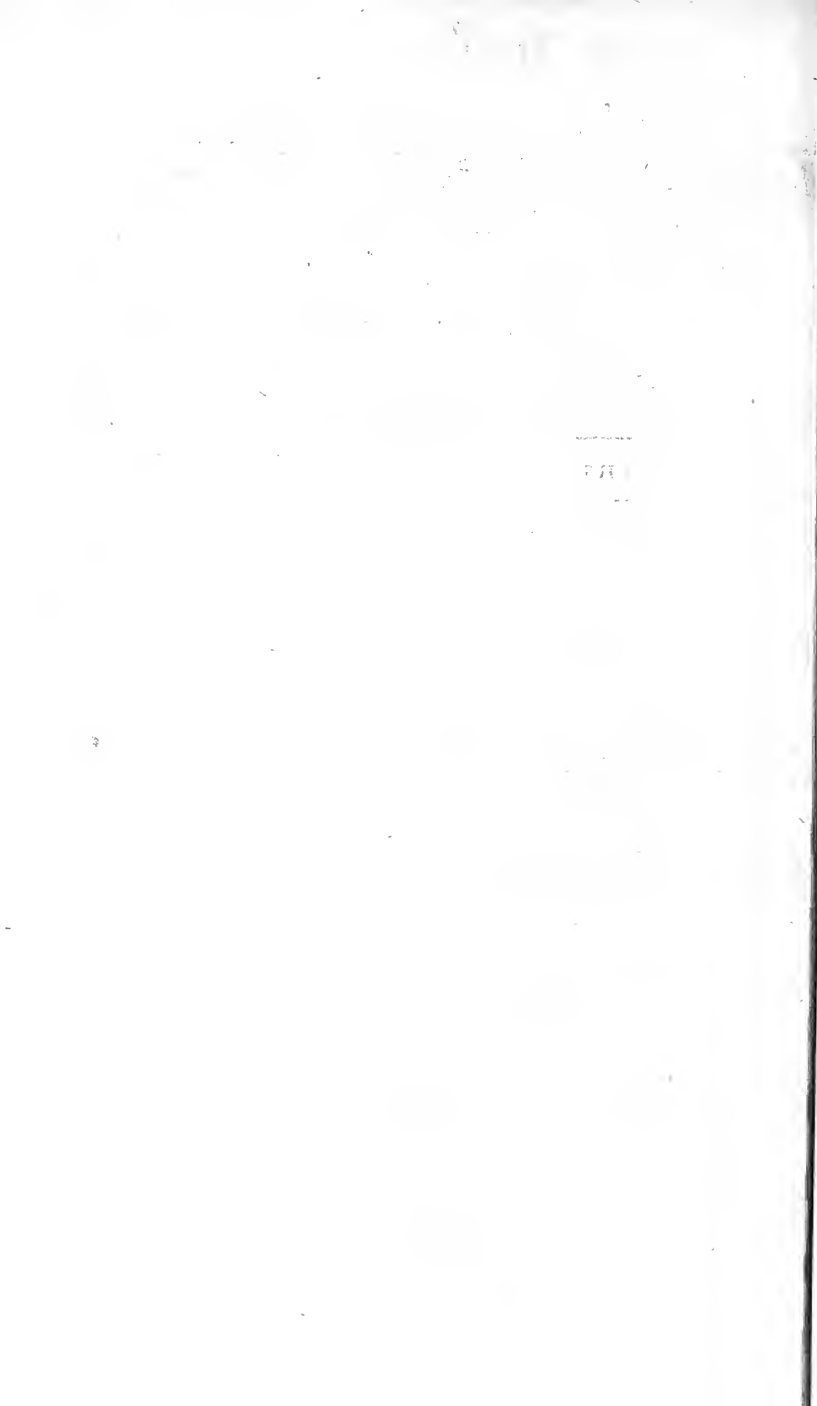


gies her, we'll drink her health wi' Pleasure,



wha's belov'd by thee.

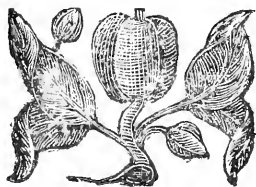




*Peggy* a dainty Lafs is,  
Come let's join our Glaffes,  
And refresh our Haufes

With a Health to thee.

Let Coofs their Cafh be clinking,  
Be Statesmen tint in thinking,  
While we with Love and Drinking,  
Give our Cares the Lie.





XXXVIII.

*My Nanny-O.*

**W**HILE some for Pleasure pawn their Health  
 'Twixt *Laïs* and the *Bagnio*,  
 I'll save myself, and without stealth,  
 Kifs and carcs my *Nanny-O*.  
 She bids more fair t'engage a *Jove*  
 Than *Leda* did for *Danae-O*:  
 Were I to paint the Queen of Love,  
 None else should sit but *Nanny-O*.

How joyfully my Spirits rise,  
 When Dancing she moves finely--O,  
 I guess what Heaven is by her Eyes,  
 Which sparkle so divinely--O.  
 Attend my Vow, ye Gods, while I  
 Breathe in the blest *Britannia*,  
 None's Happiness I shall envy,  
 As long's ye grant me *Nanny--O*.

CHORUS.

38  
My NANNY - O

While some for Pleasure pawn their health, Twixt

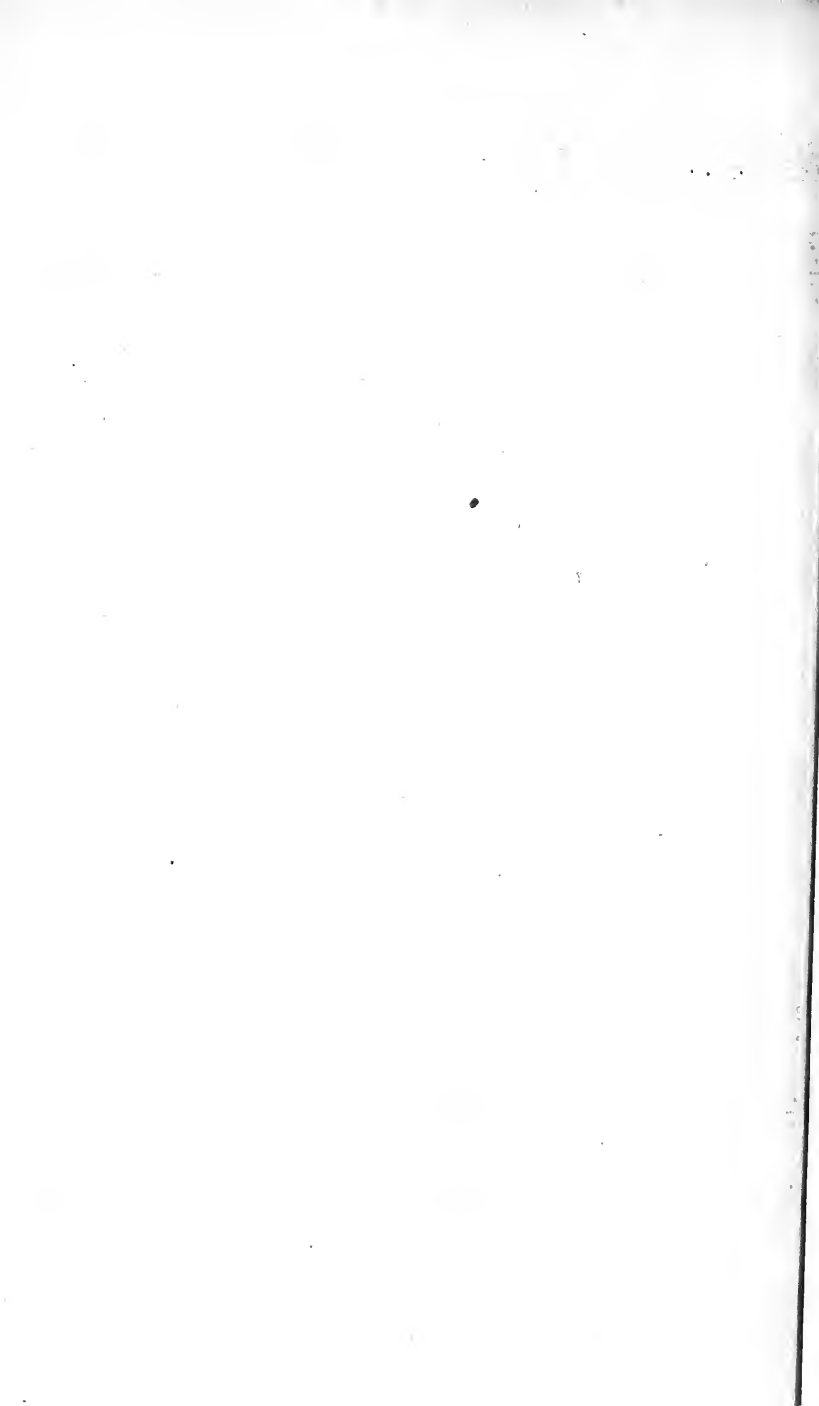
*Lais* and the *Bagni-o*, I'll save my self and without

stealth, Kifs and carefs my *Nanny-o*. She bids more

fair t'engage a *Jove*, than *Leda* did for *Danae-o*; were

I to paint the Queen of Love, none else should

fit but *Nanny-o*.





## CHORUS.

*My bonny, bonny Nanny--O,  
My lovely charming Nanny--O ;  
I care not tho' the World know  
How dearly I love Nanny--O.*





## XXXIX.

*Maggie's Tocher.*

**T**HE Meal was dear short syne,  
 We buckl'd us a' the gither;  
 And *Maggie* was in her Prime,  
 When *Willie* made Courtship till her;  
 Twa Pistals charged beguets,  
 To gie the courting Shot;  
 And syne came ben the Lafs,  
 Wi' swats drawn frae the Butt.  
 He first speer'd at the Guidman,  
 And syne at *Giles* the Mither,  
 An ye wad gi's a bit Land,  
 Wee'd buckle us c'en the gither.

My Daughter ye shall hae,  
 I'll gi' you her by the Hand;  
 But I'll part wi' my Wife by my fae,  
 Or I part wi' my Land.  
 Your Tocher it fall be good,  
 There's nane fall hae its maik,  
 The Lafs bound in her snood,  
 And *Crummie* who kens her stake:

With

# Maggie's <sup>39</sup> Tocher

The Meal was dear short syne, we buckld us a' the

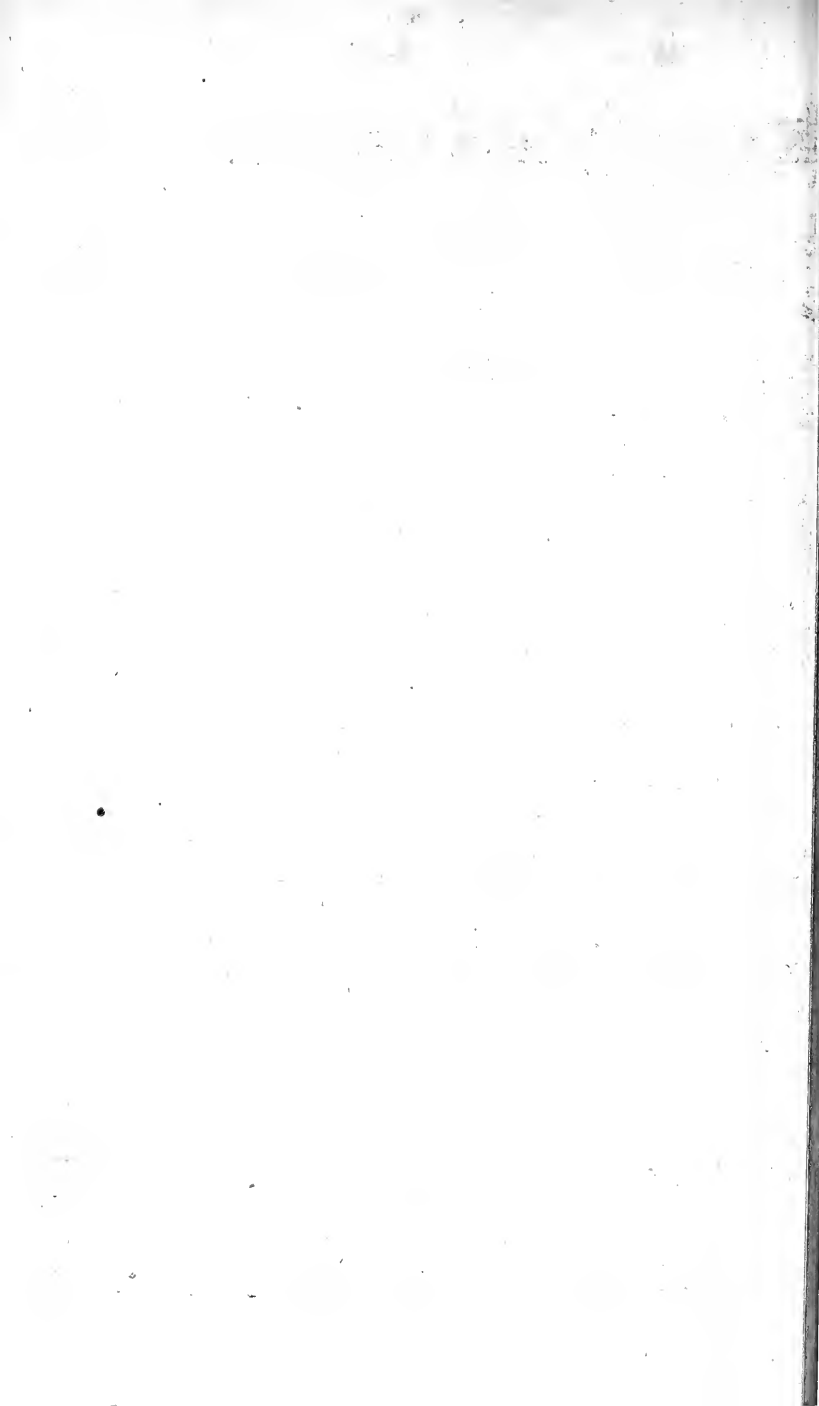
gither, and Maggie was in her Prime, when Willie made

courtship till her, twa Pistals charg'd beguets, to gie the

courting shot, and syne came ben the Lafs wi' swats drawn,

frae y<sup>e</sup> Butt, he first speer'd at y<sup>e</sup> Guidman, and syne at Giles y<sup>e</sup>

Mither, anywad gi's a bitt land, we'd buckle us e'en y<sup>e</sup> gither So.



With an auld bedden o' claiths,  
Was left me by my Mither,  
They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,  
Ye may cudle in them the gither.

Ye speak right well, Guidman,  
But ye maun mend your Hand,  
And think o' modesty,  
Gin ye'll not quat your Land :  
We are but young, ye ken,  
And now we're gawn the gither ;  
A House is Butt and Benn,  
And *Crummie* will want her Fother.  
The Bairns are coming on,  
And they'll cry, O their Mither !  
We have nouthier Pot nor Pan,  
But four bare Legs the gither.

Your Tocher's be good enough,  
For that ye need na fear,  
Twa good silts to the Pleugh,  
And ye your sell maun steer :  
Ye shall hae twa good Pocks  
That anes were o' the Tweel,  
The t'ane to had the Grots,  
The ither to had the Meal :  
With ane auld kist made of Wands,  
And that fall be your Coffer,

Wi' aiken woody-bands,  
And that may had your Tocher.

Consider well, Guidman,  
We hae but borrow'd Gear,  
The Horfe that I ride on  
Is *Sandy Wilson's* Mare:  
The Saddle's nane of my ain,  
An thae's but borrowed Boots,  
And when that I gae hame,  
I maun take to my Coots:  
The Cloak is *Geordy Watt's*,  
That gars me look fae crouse;  
Come fill us a Cogue of Swats,  
We'll make nae mair toom ruse.

I like you well, young Lad,  
For telling me fae plain,  
I married when little I had  
O' Gear that was my ain,  
But fin that things are fae,  
The Bride she maun come furth,  
Tho' a' the Gear she'll ha'e,  
It'll be but little worth.  
A Bargain it maun be,  
Fy cry on *Giles* the Mither:  
Content am I, quo' she,  
E'en gar the Hissie come hither.

The Bride she gade till her Bed,  
The Bridegroom he came till her;  
The Fidler crap in at the Fit,  
An they cudl'd it a' the gither.





## XL.

*Were na' my Hearts light I wad die.*

**T**HERE was an a May and she lo'ed na Men,  
 She bigged her bonny Bow'r down in yon  
 Glen ;

But now she cries dale and a-well-a-day,  
 Come down the green Gate, and come here away.

When bonny young *Johnny* came over the Sea,  
 He said he saw nathing so bonny as me,  
 He haight me baith Rings and mony bra things,  
 And were na' my Hearts light I wad die.

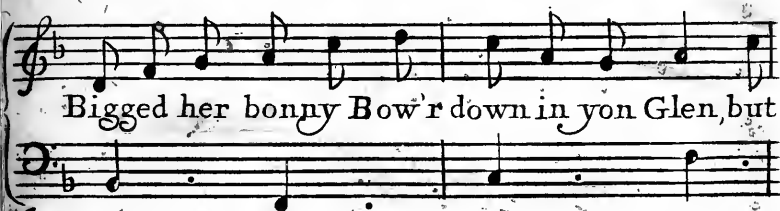
He had a wce Titty that lo'ed na' me,  
 Because I was twice as bonny as she ;  
 She rais'd sick a Pother twixt him and his Mother,  
 That were na' my Hearts light I wad die.

The Day it was set, and the Bridal to be ;  
 The Wife took a Dwalm and lay down to die,  
 She main'd and she grain'd out of Dollor and Pain,  
 Till he vow'd that he ne'er wou'd see me again.

His

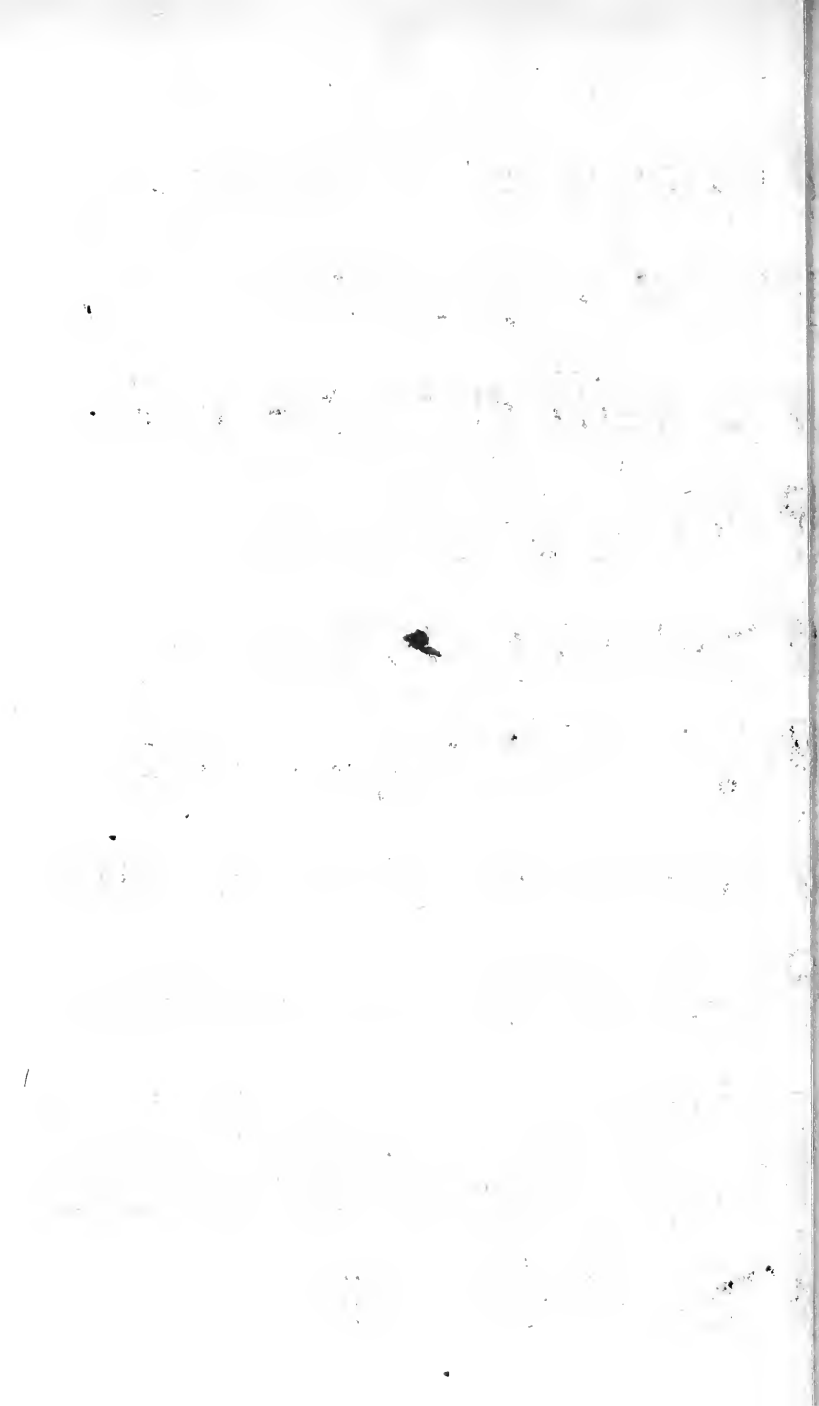


*Were na my hearts light I wad Die*



*For the German Flute*





His Kin was for ane of a higher Degree,  
Said, what had he do with the Likes of me?  
Appose I was bonny, I was na for *Johnny* :  
And were na my Hearts light I wad die.

They said, I had neither Cow, nor Calf,  
Nor Drops of Drink runs through the Drawf;  
Nor Pickles of Meal runs through the Mill-Eye :  
And were na my Hearts light I wad die.

The Maiden she was baith wylie and slye,  
She spy'd me as I came o'er the Lee ;  
And then she ran in, and made sick a Din :  
Believe your ain Een, and ye trow na me.

His Bonnet stood ay fu' round on his Brow,  
His auld ane lookt ay as well as his new ;  
But now he lets't gang ony Gate it will hing,  
And casts himsell down on the Corn-Bing.

And now he gaes drooping about the Dykes,  
And a' he dow do is to hund the Tykes ;  
The live-lang Night he ne'er bows his Eye :  
And were na my Heart's light I wad die.

But young for thee as I ha' been,  
We shou'd ha' been galloping down in yon Green,  
And linking out o'er yon lilly white Lee;  
And wow gin I were young for thee.





## XLI.

*Gallowshiels.*

**A**H the poor Shepherd's mournful Fate,  
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,

To bear the scornful Fair-One's Hate,

Nor dare disclose his Anguish.

Ye eager Looks, and dying Sighs,

My secret Soul discover,

While Rapture trembling through mine Eyes,

Reveals how much I love her.

The tender Glance, the red'ning Cheek,

O'erspread with rising Blushes,

A thousand various Ways they speak,

A thousand various Wishes.

For oh! that Form so heavenly fair,

Those gentle Eyes so sweetly smiling,

That artless Blush, and modest Air,

So fatally beguiling.

Thy every Look, and every Grace,  
So charm whene'er I view thee;  
'Till Death o'ertake me in the Chace,  
Still will my Hopes pursue thee.  
Then when my tedious Hours are past,  
Be this last Blessing given,  
Low at thy Feet to breathe my last,  
And die in sight of Heaven.

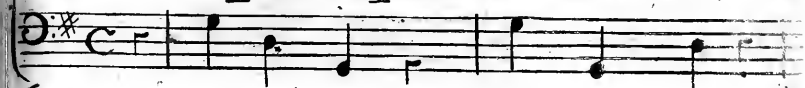


Galla Shiels <sup>41.</sup>

*Slow*



Ah the poor Shepherds mournfull Fate, when



doom'd to Love, and doom'd to languish, to



bear the scornfull Fair ones hate; Nor dare dif-



= close his Anguish Yet ea-ger Looks and



Dying sighs, My secrete Soul discover, while



rap-ture trembling through my Eyes, re -

-veals how much I Love her, the tender Glance<sup>e</sup>

Redning cheek, O'er spread with rising blu -

=thes, a thousand various ways they speak, a

thousand various wish-es .





#4  
*There's my Thumb*

*Bet-ty* Early gone a Maying, met her

The first system of the song features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics 'Bet-ty Early gone a Maying, met her' are written below the treble staff.

sweetheart *Willie* straying, designs or chance no

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'sweetheart Willie straying, designs or chance no' are written below the treble staff.

matter whither, but thus we know he reason'd

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'matter whither, but thus we know he reason'd' are written below the treble staff.

with her.

The fourth system concludes the song with a double bar line. The lyrics 'with her.' are written below the treble staff.

*For the German Flute*

The German Flute version of the song is shown in two systems. It is in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The first system ends with a double bar line.



## XLII.

*There's my Thumb.*

**B***etty*, early gone a Maying,  
Met her Sweetheart *Willie* straying,  
Design, or Chance, no matter whether,  
But this we know, he reason'd with her.

Mark, dear Maid, the Turtles cooing,  
Fondly billing, kindly wooing,  
See how ev'ry Bush discovers  
Happy Pairs of feather'd Lovers:

Or in singing, or in loving,  
Every Moment still improving;  
Love and Nature wisely leads 'em,  
Love and Nature ne'er misguides 'em.

See, the opening, blushing Roses,  
All their secret Charms discloses;  
Sweet's the Time, ah! short's the Measure  
Of their fleeting, hasty Pleasure.

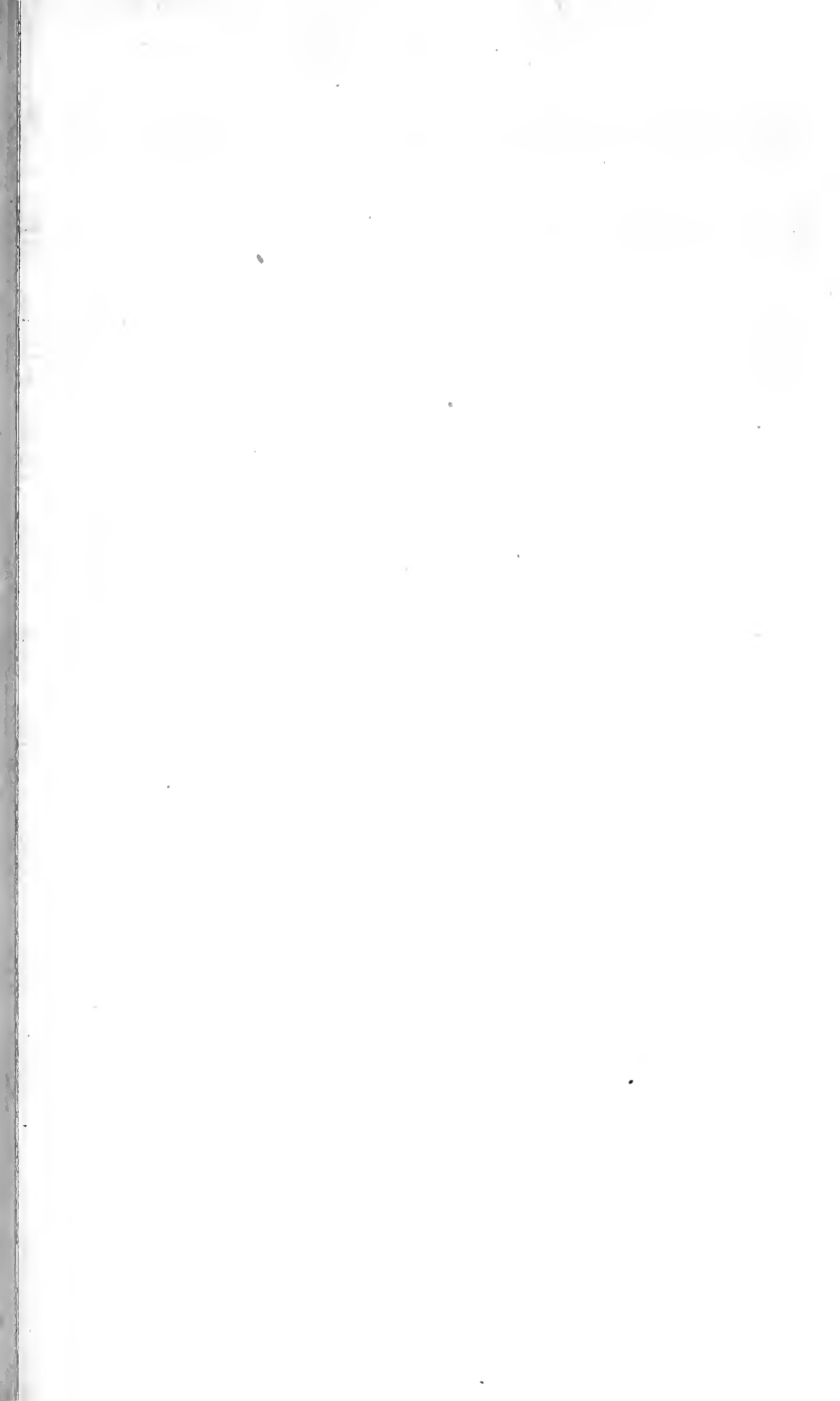
Quickly

Quickly we must snatch the Blissés,  
Of their soft and fragrant Kisses,  
To-day they bloom, they fade to-morrow,  
Droop their heads, and die in sorrow.

Time, my *Bess*, will leave no Traces  
Of those Beauties, of those Graces ;  
Youth and Love forbid our staying,  
Love and Youth abhor delaying.

Dearest Maid, nay, do not fly me,  
Let your Pride no more deny me :  
Never doubt your faithful *Willie*,  
There's my Thumb, I'll ne'er beguile ye.





*The Gaberlunzie<sup>43</sup> Man*

The pauky auld Carle came o'er the Lee, wi' many good

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and a bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

E'ens and Days to me, saying Good wife for your Courte

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics continue below the staves.

— fie, will ye Lodge a filly poor Ma — n, the Night was

The third system of musical notation. It includes a double bar line in the middle of the system, indicating a measure rest or a change in the musical phrase. The lyrics continue below the staves.

cauld, the Carle was wat, and down a yont the Ingle he

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues with some grace notes. The lyrics continue below the staves.

fat, my Daughters shoulders he gan to Clap, and

The fifth system of musical notation. The melody continues with grace notes. The lyrics continue below the staves.

cadgily rantèd and fa — — ng.

The sixth and final system of musical notation on this page. It ends with a double bar line and a series of dots, indicating the end of the phrase. The lyrics continue below the staves.



## XLIII.

*The Gaberlunzie-Man.*

**T**HE pawky auld Carle came o'er the Lee,  
Wi' many good E'ens and Days to me,  
Saying, Good-wife, for your Courtisic,  
Will ye lodge a silly poor Man?  
The Night was cauld, the Carle was wat,  
And down ayont the Ingle he sat;  
My Daughter's Shoulders he 'gan to clap,  
And cadgily ranted and fang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free,  
As first when I saw this Country,  
How blyth and merry wad I be!

And I wad never think lang.  
He grew canty, and she grew fain;  
But little did her auld Minny ken  
What thir flee twa togither were say'n,  
When wooing they were fac thrang.

And

And O! quo' he, ann ye were as black,  
As e'er the Crown of my Dady's Hat,  
'Tis I wad lay thee by my Back,

And awa' wi' me thou shou'd gang.  
And O! quo' she, ann I were as white,  
As e'er the Snaw lay on the Dike,  
I'd clead me braw, and lady-like,  
And awa' with thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a Plot ;  
They raise a wee before the Cock,  
And wylily they shot the Lock,

And fast to the Bent are they gane.  
Up in the Morn the auld Wife raise,  
And at her Leisure pat on her Claife ;  
Sync to the Servant's Bed she gaes,  
To speer for the silly poor Man.

She gaed to the Bed where the Beggar lay,  
The Strae was cauld, he was away,  
She clapt her hands, cry'd, Waladay,

For some of our Gear will be gane.  
Some ran to Coffers, and some to Kists,  
But nought was stown that cou'd be mist,  
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest,  
I have lodg'd a leal poor Man.

Since



Since nathing's awa', as we can learn,  
The Kirns to Kirn, and Milk to Earn,  
Gae butt the House, Lafs, and waken my Bairn,  
And bid her come quickly ben.  
The Servant gade where the Daughter lay,  
The Sheets was cauld, she was away,  
And fast to her good Wife can say,  
She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-Man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,  
And haste ye find these Traitors again ;  
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,  
The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-Man.  
Some rade upo' Horse, some ran a fit,  
The Wife was wood, and out o' her Wit :  
She cou'd na' gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,  
But ay she curs'd and she ban'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the Lee,  
Fu' snug in a Glen, where nane cou'd see,  
The twa, with kindly Sport and Glee,  
Cut frae a new Cheese a whang :  
The Priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,  
To lo'e her for ay, he ga'e her his aith ;  
Quo' she, to leave thee I will be laith,  
My winsome Gaberlunzie-Man.

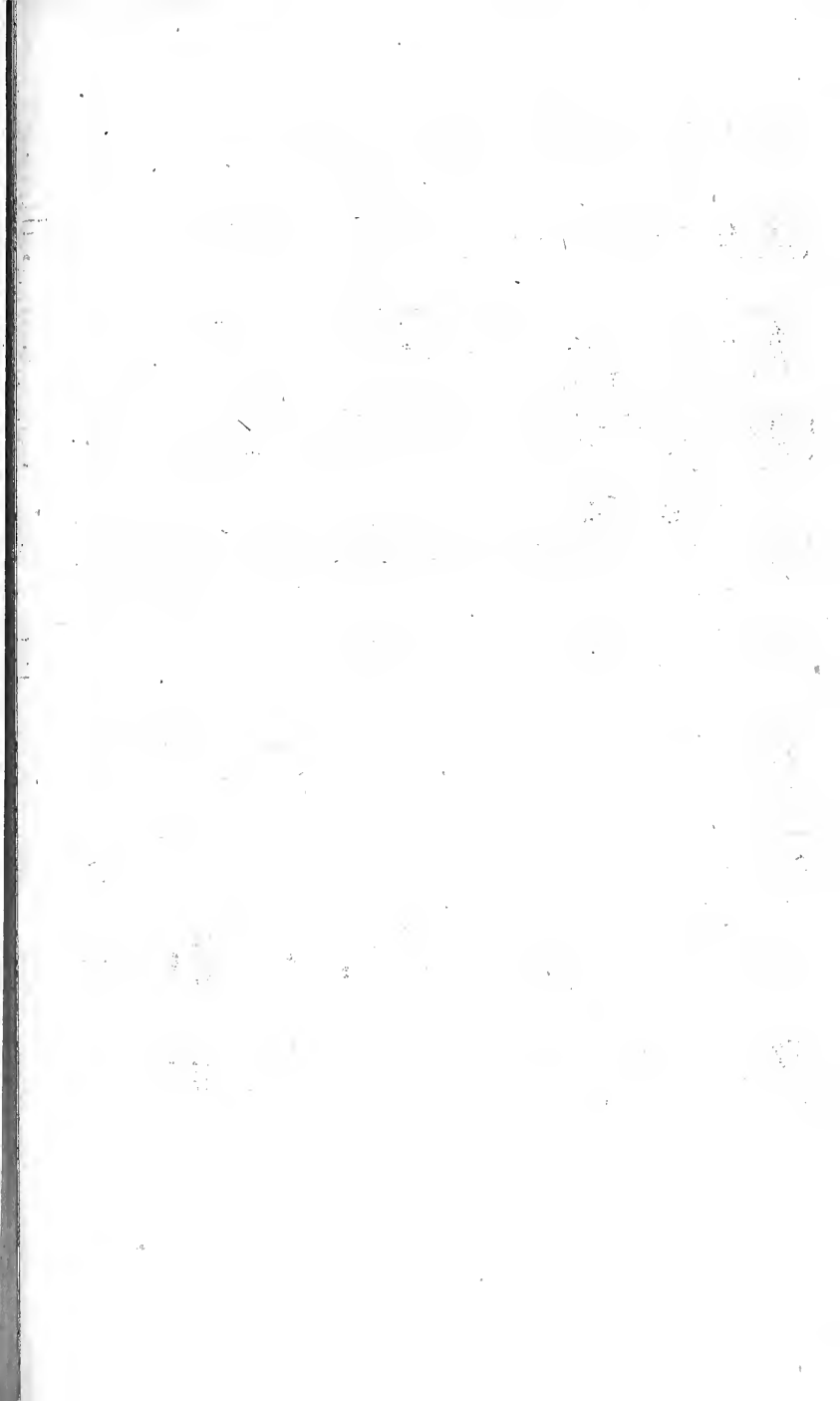
O ken'd my Minny I were wi' you,  
I'll fardly wad she crook her mou,  
Sic a poor Man she'd never trow,  
After the Gaberlunzie-Man.

My Dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,  
And ha' na' learn'd the Beggars Tongue,  
To follow me frae Town to Town,  
And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your Bread,  
And Spindles and Whorles for them wha' need,  
Whilk is a gentle Trade indeed,

To carry the Gaberlunzie-O.  
I'll bow my Leg, and crook my Knee,  
And draw a black Clout o'er my Eye,  
A Cripple or Blind they will ca' me,  
While we shall be merry, and sing.





# *The Colliers <sup>44</sup>Bonny Lassie*

The Collier has a Daughter, and O she's wonder

This system contains the first two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

bonny, A Laird he was that sought her, Rich

This system contains the next two staves of music, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system.

baith in Lands and Money. The Tutors watch'd the

This system contains the next two staves of music. The melody in the upper staff includes some triplets and sixteenth notes.

motion, of this young honest Lover, but love is like y

This system contains the next two staves of music. The lyrics are split across the two staves.

O - cean, wha can its depth discover.

This system contains the final two staves of music on this page. The melody concludes with a series of dotted notes.



## XLIV.

*The Collier's bonny Lassie.*

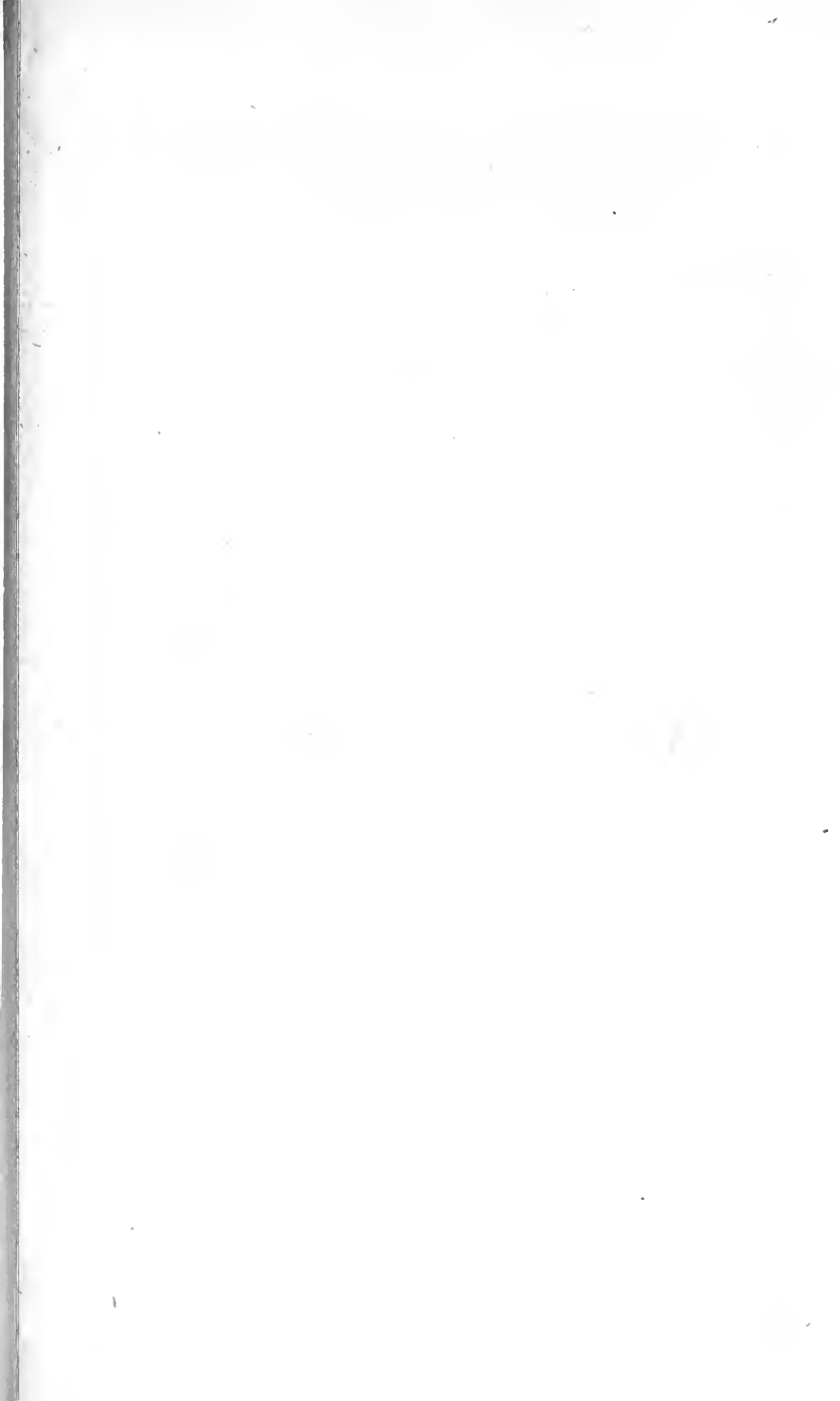
**T**HE Collier has a Daughter,  
 And O she's wonder bonny,  
 A Laird he was that sought her,  
 Rich baith in Lands and Money :  
 The Tutors watch'd the Motion,  
 Of this young honest Lover ;  
 But Love is like the Ocean ;  
 Wha can its Depth discover !

He had the Art to please ye,  
 And was by a' respected ;  
 His Airs sat round him easy,  
 Genteel, but unaffected.  
 The Collier's bonny Lassie,  
 Fair as the new-blown Lillie,  
 Ay sweet, and never saucy,  
 Secur'd the Heart of *Willy*.

He lov'd beyond Expression  
 The Charms that were about her ;  
 And panted for Possession,  
 His Life was dull without her.  
 After mature Resolving,  
 Close to his Breast he held her ;  
 In softest Flames dissolving,  
 He tenderly thus tell'd her.

My bonny Collier's Daughter,  
 Let nathing discompose ye,  
 'Tis no your scanty Tocher  
 Shall ever gar me lose ye :  
 For I have Gear in plenty,  
 And Love says, 'tis my Duty  
 To ware what Heaven has lent me,  
 Upon your Wit and Beauty.





*The Bob of*<sup>45</sup>*Dumblane*

First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff is in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The bass clef staff is in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The lyrics are: "Come Lafsie, lend me your braw Hemp".

Second system of musical notation. The treble clef staff is in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The bass clef staff is in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The lyrics are: "Heckle, and I'll lend you my Thripling".

Third system of musical notation. The treble clef staff is in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The bass clef staff is in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The lyrics are: "Kame, for Fainefs, Deary, I'll gar ye keekle, gin".

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff is in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The bass clef staff is in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The lyrics are: "ye'll gae dance the Bob of Dumblane :".





XLV.

*The Bob of Dumblane.*

**L**ASSIE, lend me your braw hemp Heckle,  
And I'll lend you my thripling Kame;  
For fainness, Deary, I'll gar ye keckle,  
If ye'll go dance the *Bob of Dumblane*.

Haste ye, gang to the Ground of ye'r Trunkies,  
Busk ye braw and dinna think shame;  
Consider in time, if leading of Monkies  
Be better than Dancing the *Bob of Dumblane*.

Be frank, my Lassie, lest I grow fickle,  
And take my Word and Offer again,  
Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle,  
Ye did nae accept of the *Bob of Dumblane*.

The Dinner, the Piper and Priest shall be ready,  
And I'm grown dowy with lying my lane;  
Away then, leave baith Minny and Dady,  
And try with me the *Bob of Dumblane*.



## XLVI.

*The Carle came o'er the Croft.*

**T**HE Carle he came o'er the Croft,  
 And his Beard new shav'n,  
 He glowr'd at me's gin he'd been daft,  
 The Carle trows that I'll ha'e him.  
*Howt awa' I wonna ha'e him,*  
*Na forsooth I'll no ha'e him,*  
*New Hose and his new Shoon,*  
*And his Beard new shav'n.*

He ga'e to me a Pair of Shoon,  
 And his Beard new shav'n,  
 He bad me dance till they ware done,  
 The Carle trows that I'll ha'e him.  
*Howt awa, &c.*

He ga'e to me a Pair of Gloves,  
 And his Beard new shav'n,  
 He bad me stretch them on my Loofs,  
 The Carle trows that I'll ha'e him.  
*Howt awa, &c.*

He

*The Carle he, cam<sup>e</sup> O'er the Croft*

The Carle he came o'er the Croft, and his Beard

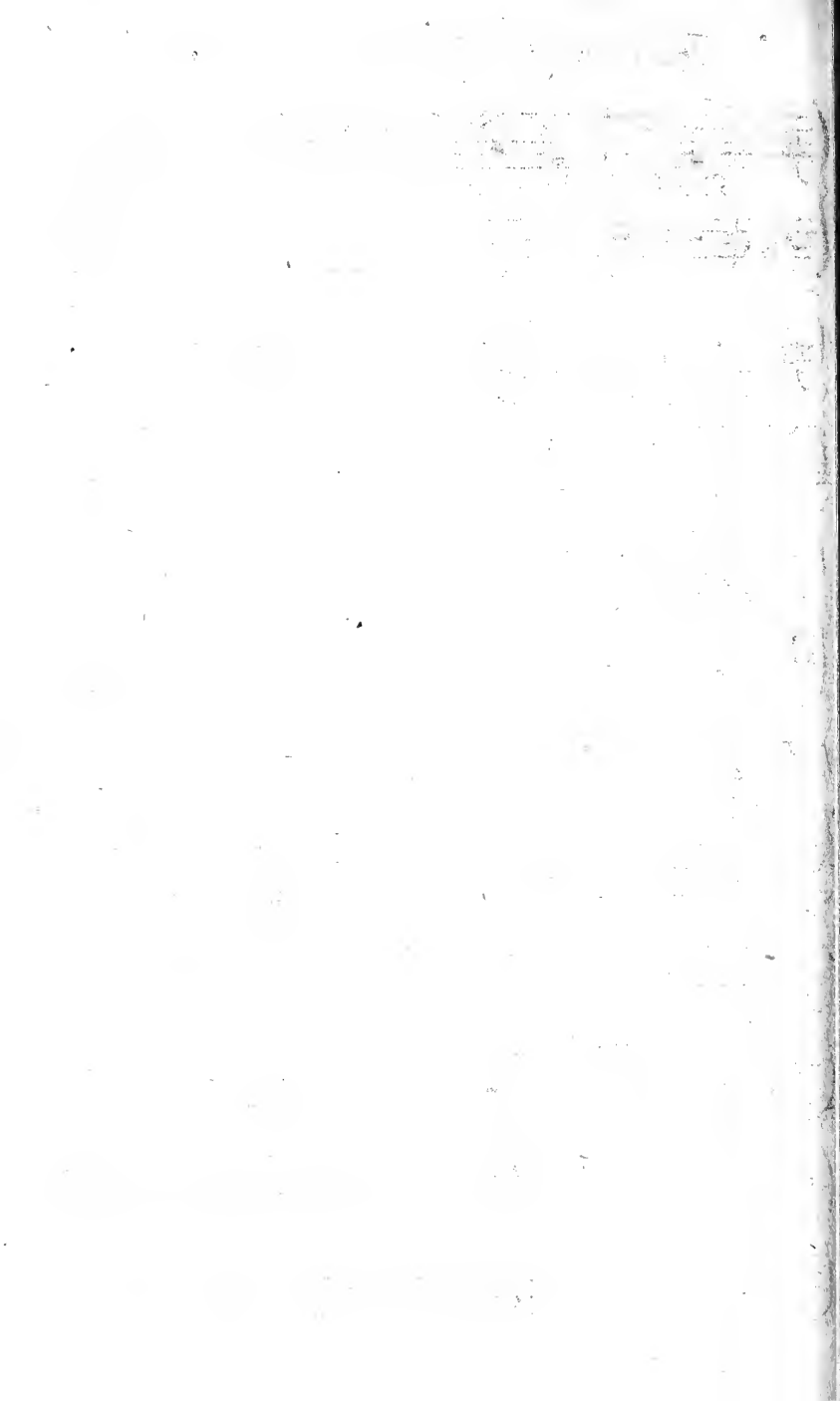
new Shaven, glowr'd at me as he'd been daft, the

Carle trows that I'll hae him. Howt awa I

winna hae him, na for sooth I'll no hae him

New hofe and new Shoon, and his Beard

new Shaven .



He ga'e to me an Ell of Lace,  
And his Beard new shav'n,  
He bad me wear the Highland Dress,  
The Carle trows that I'll ha'e him.  
*Howt awa, &c.*

He ga'e to me a Harn Sark,  
And his Beard new shav'n;  
He said he'd kifs me in the dark,  
For that he trows that I'll ha'e him.

*Howt awa' I maun ha'e him,  
I forsooth I'll e'en ha'e him,  
New Hose and his new Shoon,  
And his Beard new shav'n.*





## XLVII.

*O'er Boggie.*

**I** Will awa' with my Love,  
 I will awa' wi' her,  
 Tho' a' my Kin had sworn and said,  
 I will awa' wi' her.  
*I'll o'er Boggie, o'er Scroggie,*  
*O'er Boggie wi' her,*  
*Tho' a' my Kin had sworn and said,*  
*I will away wi' her.*

If I can get but her Consent,  
 I dinna care a Strae,  
 Tho' ilka ane be discontent,  
 Awa' wi' her I'll gae.  
*I'll o'er Boggie, &c.*

For now she's Mistress of my Heart,  
 And wordy of my Hand,  
 And well I wat we shanna' part,  
 For Siller or for Land.  
*I'll o'er Boggie, &c.*

O'er Bogie<sup>47</sup>

I will awa' wi' my Love, I will awa' wi' her, tho'

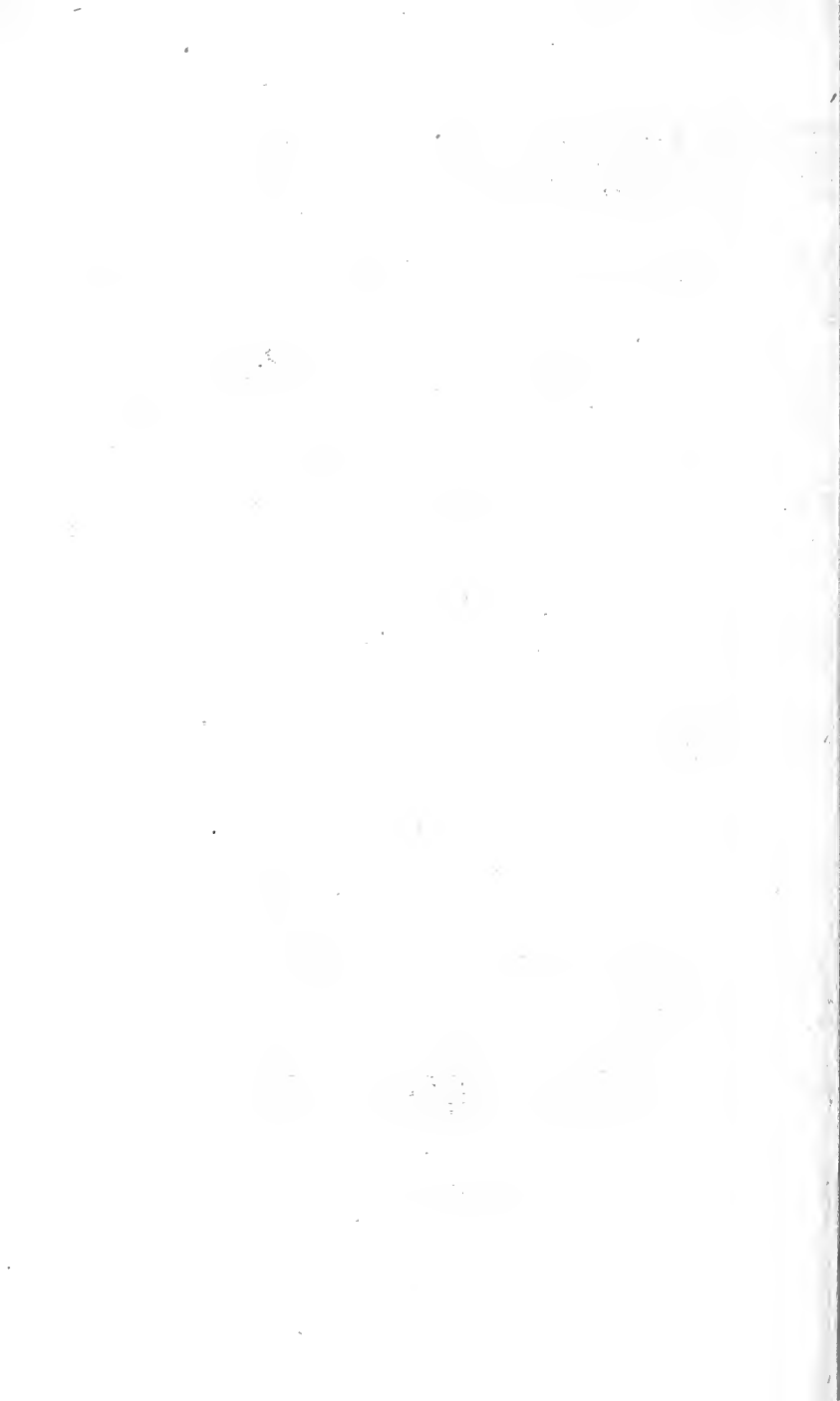
a' my Kin had sworn and said, I will awa'

*Chorus*

wi' her I'll O'er Bogie, O'er Scrogie, O'er Bogie

wi' her, Tho' a' my Kin had sworn and said, I

will awa' wi' her





Let Rakes delyte to swear and drink,  
And Beaus admire fine Lace,  
But my chief Pleasure is to blink,  
On *Betty's* bonny Face.  
*I'll o'er Boggie, &c.*

There a' the Beauties do combine,  
Of Colour, Treats, and Air;  
The Saul that sparkles in her Een,  
Makes her a Jewel rare.  
*I'll o'er Boggie, &c.*

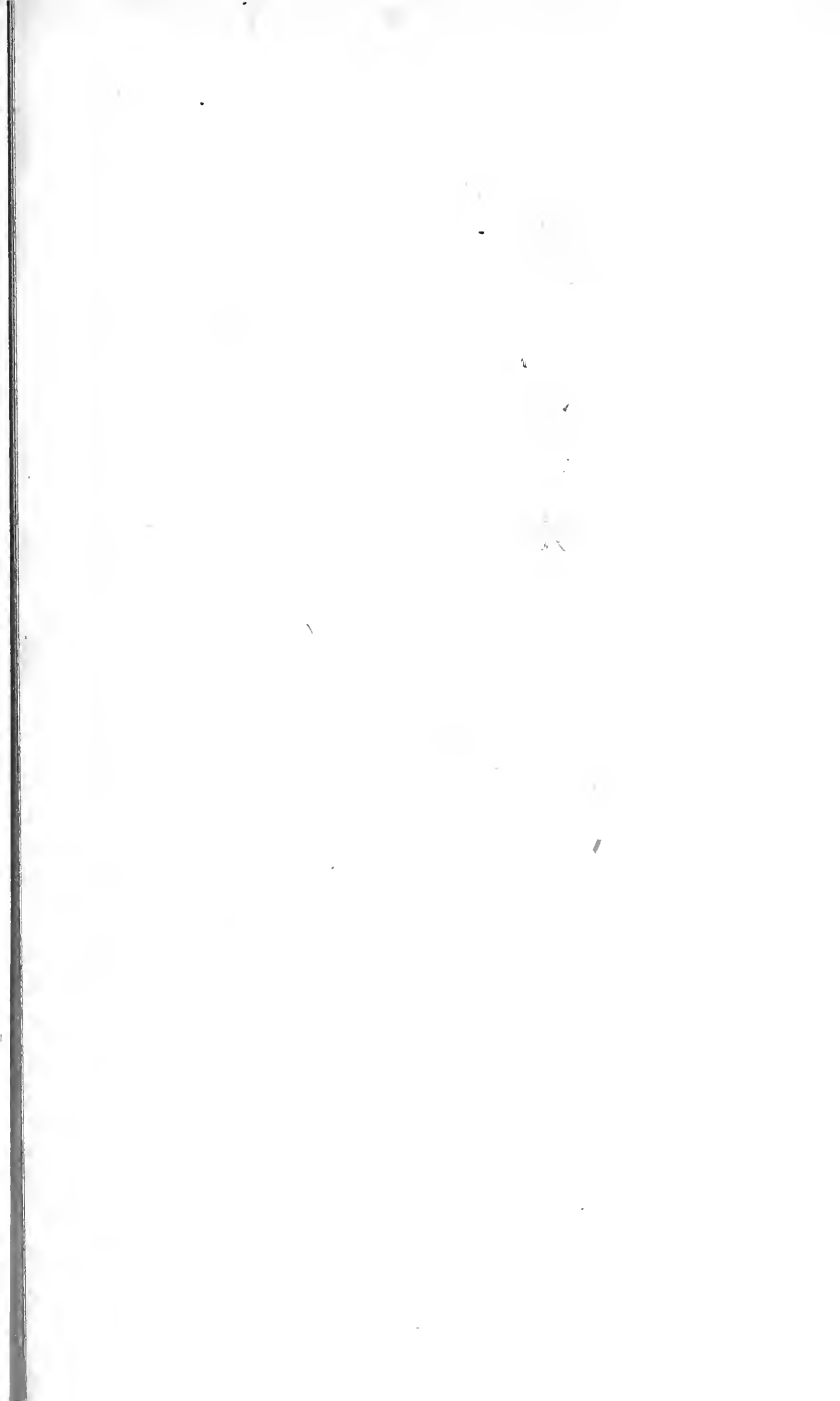
Her flowing Wit gives shining Life  
To a' her other Charms;  
How blest I'll be when she's my Wife,  
And lockt up in my Arms.  
*I'll o'er Boggie, &c.*

There blythly will I rant and sing,  
While o'er her Sweets I range;  
I'll cry, Your humble Servant, King,  
Shamefa' them that wa'd change.  
*I'll o'er Boggie, &c.*

A Kiss of *Betty*, and a Smile,  
Abeet ye wad lay down,  
The Right ye ha'e to *Britain's Isle*,  
And offer me ye'r Crown.

*I'll o'er Boggie, o'er Scroggie,*  
*O'er Boggie wi' her ;*  
*Tho' a' my Kin had sworn, and said,*  
*I will awa' wi' her.*





48  
*The Lads of Livingston*

First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains a melody in G major (one sharp) and common time. The bass clef staff contains a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Pain'd with her slighting *Jamie's* Love, *Bell*

Second system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melody. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

dropt a Tear, *Bell* dropt a Tear, the Gods descended

Third system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melody. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

from above, well pleas'd to hear, well pleas'd to hear,

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melody. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

They heard the praises of the Youth, from her own

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melody. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Tongue, from her own Tongue, who now converted

Sixth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melody. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

was to truth, and thus she sung, and thus she sung.



## XLVIII.

*The Lafs of Livingston.*

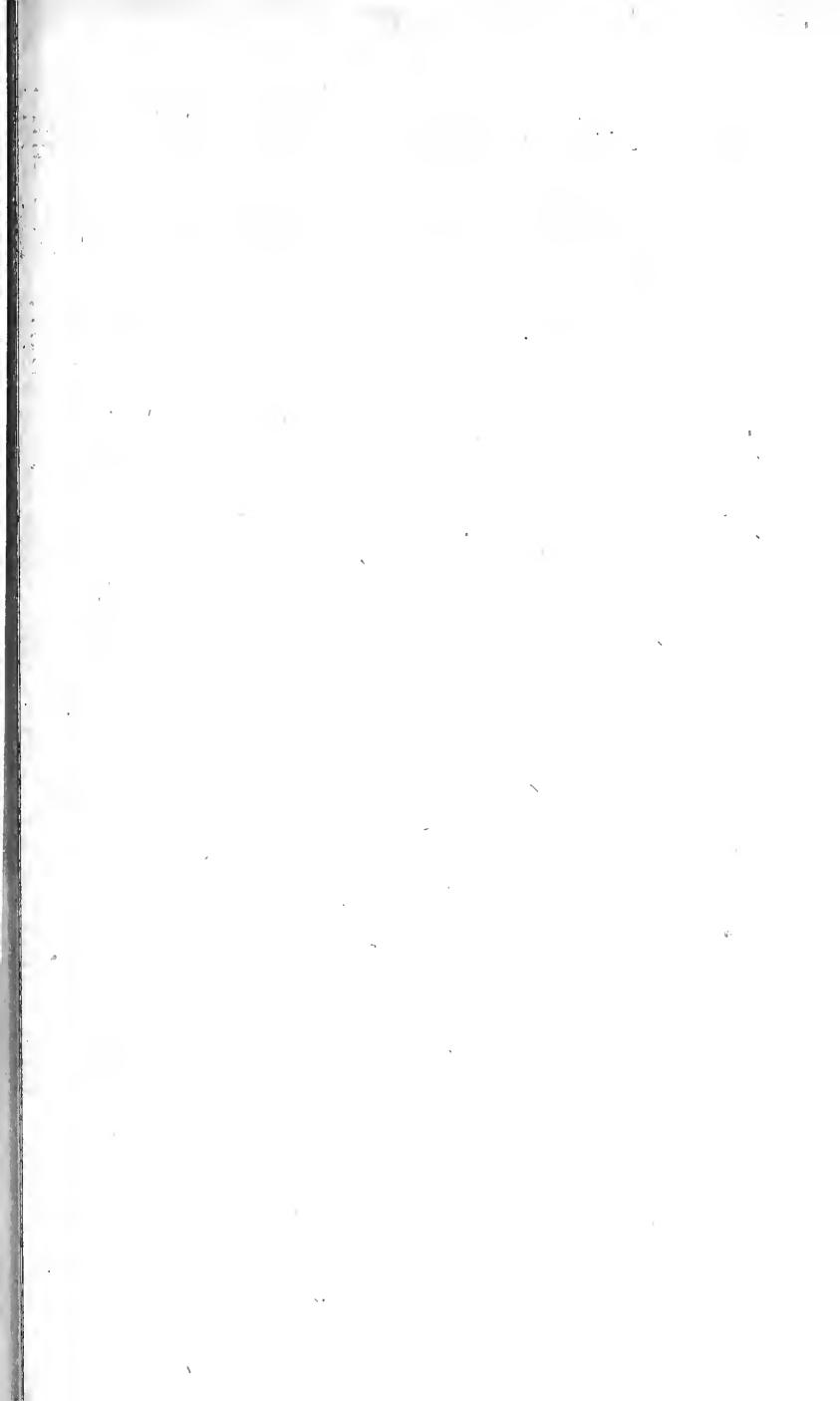
P Ain'd with her flighting *Jamie's* Love,  
    *Bell* dropt a Tear,——*Bell* dropt a Tear;  
The Gods descended from above,  
    Well pleas'd to hear,——well pleas'd to hear:  
They heard the Praises of the Youth  
    From her own Tongue—from her own Tongue;  
Who now converted was to Truth,  
    And thus she sung,——and thus she sung.

Blest Days! when our ingenious Sex,  
    More frank and kind,——more frank and kind,  
Did not their lov'd Adorers vex,  
    But spoke their mind,——but spoke their mind.  
Repenting now, she promis'd fair,  
    Wou'd he return,——wou'd he return,  
She ne'er again wou'd give him Care,  
    Or cause him mourn,——or cause him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee, deserving Swain,  
 Yet still thought shame,—yet still thought shame,  
 When he my yielding Heart did gain,  
 To own my Flame,—to own my Flame?  
 Why took I pleasure to torment,  
 And seem too coy,—and seem too coy?  
 Which makes me now alas lament  
 My slighted Joy,—my slighted Joy.

Ye Fair, while Beauty's in its Spring,  
 Own your Desire,—own your Desire;  
 While Love's young Power with his soft Wing  
 Fans up the Fire,—fans up the Fire.  
 O do not, with a silly Pride,  
 Or low Design,—or low Design,  
 Refuse to be a happy Bride,  
 But answer plain,—but answer plain.

Thus the fair Mourner wail'd her Crime,  
 With flowing Eyes,—with flowing Eyes:  
 Glad *Jamie* heard her all the time,  
 With sweet Surprise,—with sweet Surprise.  
 Some God had led him to the Grove,  
 His Mind unchang'd,—his Mind unchang'd;  
 Flew to her Arms, and cry'd, My Love,  
 I am reveng'd,—I am reveng'd.



# William and Margaret

*Slow*

'Twas at the filent Midnight Hour, when

all were fast asleep; In Glided Marg'ret's

grimly Ghost, and stood at William's Feet.

Her Face was like an April Morn, clad

in a wintry Cloud; and Clay-cold was her

Lilly hand, that held her Sable Shroud.





XLIX.

William *and* Margaret.

**T**WAS at the silent Midnight-Hour,  
 When all were fast asleep;  
 In glided *Margaret's* grimly Ghost,  
 And stood at *William's* Feet.

Her Face was like an *April* Morn,  
 Clad in a wintry Cloud :  
 And clay-cold was her lilly Hand,  
 That held her fable Shroud.

So shall the fairest Face appear,  
 When Youth and Years are flown :  
 Such is the Robe that Kings must wear,  
 When Death has reft their Crown.

Her Bloom was like the springing Flower,  
 That sips the silver Dew :  
 The Rose was budded in her Check,  
 Just opening to the View.

But

But Love had, like the Canker-Worm,  
 Consum'd her early Prime :  
 The Rose grew pale, and left her Cheek,  
 She dy'd before her Time.

Awake! she cry'd, thy true Love calls,  
 Come from her midnight Grave :  
 Now let thy Pity hear the Maid,  
 Thy Love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary Hour,  
 When injur'd Ghosts complain ;  
 When yawning Graves give up their Dead,  
 To haunt the faithless Man.

Bethink thee, *William*, of thy Fault,  
 Thy Pledge, and broken Oath :  
 And give me back my maiden Vow,  
 And give me back my Troth.

Why did you promise Love to me,  
 And not that Promise keep ?  
 Why did you swear my Eyes were bright,  
 Yet leave those Eyes to weep ?

How could you say my Face was fair,  
 And yet that Face forsake ?  
 How could you win my virgin Heart,  
 Yet leave that Heart to break ?

Why did you say my Lip was sweet,  
 And made the Scarlet pale?  
 And why did I, young, witless Maid,  
 Believe the flattering Tale?

That Face, alas! no more is fair,  
 Those Lips no longer red:  
 Dark are my Eyes, now clos'd in Death,  
 And every Charm is fled.

The hungry Worm my Sister is;  
 This Winding-Sheet I wear:  
 And cold and weary lasts our Night,  
 'Till that last Morn appear.

But hark!—the Cock has warn'd me hence:  
 A long and last Adieu!  
 Come, see, false Man, how low she lies,  
 Who dy'd for love of you.

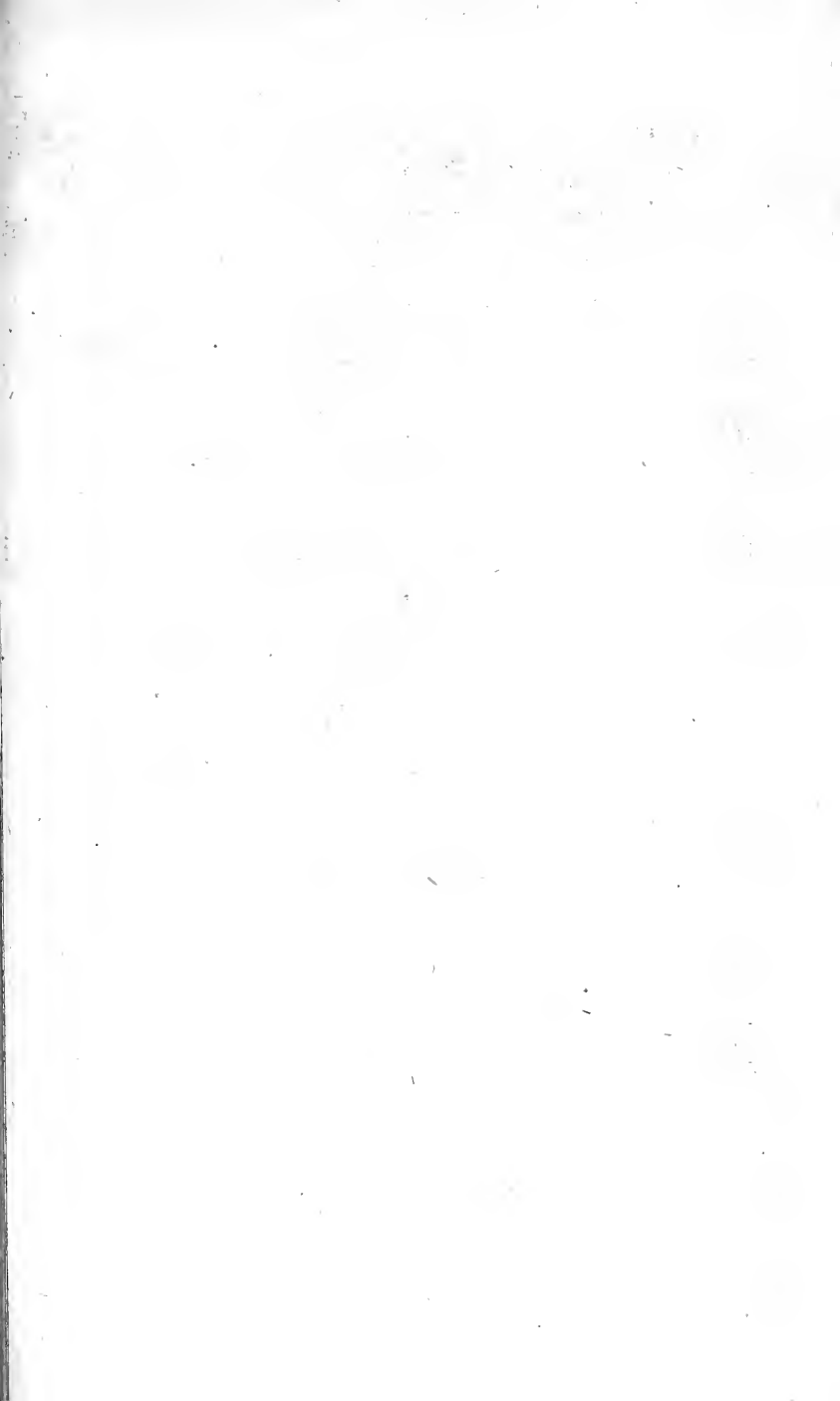
The Lark sung loud, the Morning smil'd,  
 And rais'd her glistering Head:  
 Pale *William* quak'd in every Limb,  
 And raving left his Bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal Place  
 Where *Margaret's* Body lay,  
 And stretch'd him on the grass-green Turf,  
 That wrapt her breathless Clay.

And

And thrice he call'd on *Margaret's* Name,  
And thrice he wept full sore,  
Then laid his Cheek to her cold Grave,  
And Word spoke never more.





Down the Burn<sup>50</sup> DAVIE

When Trees did bud and Fields were green, and

The first system of the musical score for 'Down the Burn'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and common time. The treble staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes.

Broom bloom'd fair to see; when Mary was com

The second system of the musical score. The melody continues with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass staff continues with its accompaniment.

=plete Fifteen, and Love laugh'd in her Eye;

The third system of the musical score. The melody concludes with a double bar line. The bass staff also ends with a double bar line.

Blith Davy's Blinks her heart did move, to

The fourth system of the musical score. The melody features a trill (tr.) on the final note. The bass staff continues with its accompaniment.

Speak her mind thus free, Gang down the Burn,

The fifth system of the musical score. The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff continues with its accompaniment.

Davie, Love, and I shall follow thee.

The sixth and final system of the musical score. The melody concludes with a trill (tr.) and a double bar line. The bass staff also concludes with a double bar line.



L.

*Down the Burn Davie.*

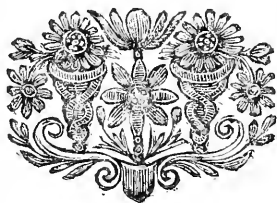
WHEN Trees did bud, and Fields were green,  
And Broom bloom'd fair to see ;  
When *Mary* was compleat Fifteen,  
And Love laugh'd in her Eye ;  
Blyth *Davie's* Blinks her Heart did move,  
To speak her Mind thus free,  
*Gang down the Burn, Davie, Love,*  
*And I shall follow thee.*

Now *Davie* did each Lad surpass,  
That dwelt on this Burn-side,  
And *Mary* was the bonniest Lass,  
Just meet to be a Bride ;  
Her Cheeks were rosy, red and white,  
Her Een were bonny blue ;  
Her Looks were like *Aurora* bright,  
Her Lips like dropping Dew.

As down the Burn they took their way,  
What tender Tales they said !  
His Cheek to hers he aft did lay,  
And with her Bosom play'd ;

Till baith at length impatient grown,  
To be mair fully blest,  
In yonder Vale they lean'd them down;  
Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless Play,  
And naithing sure unmeet;  
For ganging hame, I heard him say,  
They lik'd a wa'k sae sweet;  
And that they aften shou'd return,  
Sic Pleasure to renew.  
Quoth *Mary*, Love, I like the Burn,  
And ay shall follow you.





For the German Flute  
Throw the wood Laddie

I

N<sup>o</sup>  
4



The last time I came o'er the Moor.

N<sup>o</sup>  
6



2 Come hap me with thy Pettycoat

N<sup>o</sup>  
II



Bonny Christy

N<sup>o</sup>  
I2



Blink o'er the Burn

N<sup>o</sup>  
I5



# Tweed fide

3

N<sup>o</sup> 16

Handwritten musical score for 'Tweed fide', No. 16. The score is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It features a melody with various ornaments, including trills (tr.) and grace notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

## Love is the Cause of my Mourning

N<sup>o</sup> 17

Handwritten musical score for 'Love is the Cause of my Mourning', No. 17. The score is written on six staves in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It features a melody with various ornaments, including trills (tr.) and grace notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

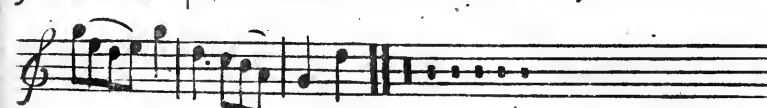
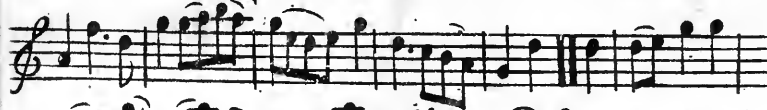
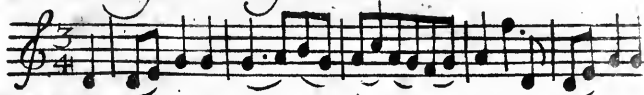
*Bonny Jean*N<sup>o</sup>  
18*The Mill Mill O*N<sup>o</sup>  
20*Johnny and Nelly*N<sup>o</sup>  
21



*John Hay's Bonny Ladsie*

No

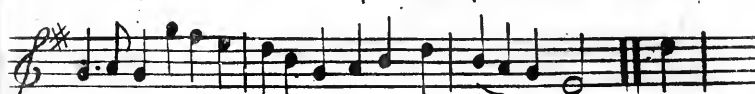
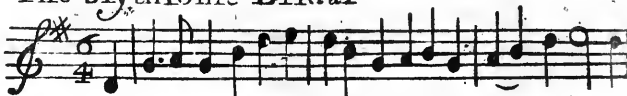
35



*The blythsome Bridal*

No

36



## My Nanny O

No  
38

## The Gaberlunzie Man

No  
43



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